Servants of the King

Robert E. Speer

BV 3700 .S63 1910
Speer, Robert E. 1867-1947.
Servants of the King

JAN 27 1911
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Servants of the King

ROBERT E. SPEER

NEW YORK
YOUNG PEOPLE'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT
OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
1910

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CONTENTS

		Page
	Preface	vii
I	David Livingstone	1
II	Henry Benjamin Whipple	19
III	William Taylor	35
IV	Alice Jackson	55
V	Guido Fridolin Verbeck	73
VI	Eleanor Chesnut	89
VII	Matthew Tyson Yates	115
VIII	Isabella Thoburn	137
IX	James Robertson	153
X	John Coleridge Patteson	173
XI	Ion Keith-Falconer	189
	Index	205

ILLUSTRATIONS

	Page
David Livingstone	3
Inscription on the Tree in Ilala, Africa, Under Which the Heart of Livingstone Was Buried	15
Henry Benjamin Whipple	21
The Rev. J. J. Enmegahbowh, a Full-blood Chippewa, Ordained by Bishop Henry B. Whipple	25
William Taylor	37
Missionary Journeys of William Taylor	50
Alice Jackson	57
Smith College Basket-ball Team	61
Guido Fridolin Verbeck	75
Decoration of the Order of the Rising Sun	85
Eleanor Chesnut	91
Ruins of the Lien-chou Hospital, China	107
Matthew Tyson Yates	117
Yates Memorial Hall, Shanghai, China	133
Isabella Thoburn	139
Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow, India	145
James Robertson	155
James Robertson's Grave in the Kildonan Churchyard, Manitoba	165
John Coleridge Patteson	175
Facsimile of a Letter Written by Bishop Patteson from Melanesia	183
Ion Keith-Falconer	191
Keith-Falconer's Home in Scotland	201
Ruins of His Home in Arabia	201

PREFACE

THE Bible itself is, in the main, simply a book of biographies. The most wonderful part of it is the biography of Jesus. The next most wonderful is the life and letters of Saint Paul. And almost all of the Old Testament is either the record of men's lives or God's revelation through men who, in proclaiming the message which had been given to them of God, also unawares laid bare their own inmost souls. Through the lives of men and of his own Son, God has revealed his truth, and in the record of their lives reveals it still.

And we learn best what this revelation of God means and can effect, by studying it, first in itself, and then in true men who have studied it and who are living by it. Of all such, none have lived more richly or originally than the missionaries who have gone out to live now such lives as Paul lived, and to work such work as Paul wrought nearly nineteen centuries ago.

The sketches in this volume are studies of such men and women. Some worked at home, and some abroad. Some are known to all, and some to smaller circles, but in each one the great principles of the Savior's own life were in a true though lesser meas-

ure incarnate, and our purpose in studying them should be to find those principles and open a larger place for them in our own lives. As they served Christ, so also ought we to serve him. And surely we will serve him better as we see what a fine, great thing their service was.

If those who study these sketches wish to consult fuller biographies, they may turn to the following, from which the material for the sketches has been drawn: Blaikie, *The Personal Life of David Livingstone;* Whipple, *Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate;* Taylor, *The Story of My Life;* Speer, *A Memorial of Alice Jackson;* Griffis, *Verbeck of Japan;* Taylor, *The Story of Yates, the Missionary;* Gordon, *The Life of James Robertson;* Thoburn, *Life of Isabella Thoburn;* Yonge, *Life of John Coleridge Patteson;* Sinker, *Memorials of the Honorable Ion Keith-Falconer.*

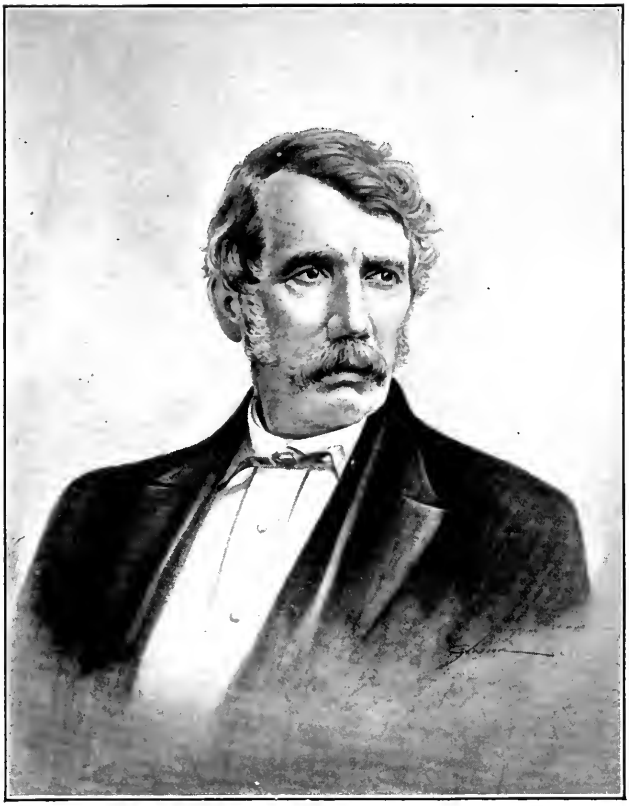
Robert E. Speer.

New York City,
April 15, 1909.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

I will place no value on anything I have or may possess, except in relation to the kingdom of Christ.

—*David Livingstone*



David Livingstone

I

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

IN Westminster Abbey the visitor, wandering about studying the monuments and inscriptions, comes in the middle of the nave upon a large black slab set in the floor bearing these words:

BROUGHT BY FAITHFUL HANDS
OVER LAND AND SEA,
HERE RESTS
DAVID LIVINGSTONE,
MISSIONARY, TRAVELER, PHILANTHROPIST,
Born March 19, 1813,
At Blantyre, Lanarkshire.
Died May 4, 1873,
At Chitambo's Village, Ilala.

On the right border of the stone is a Latin sentence, and along the left border:

OTHER SHEEP I HAVE WHICH ARE NOT OF THIS FOLD, THEM ALSO I MUST BRING, AND THEY SHALL HEAR MY VOICE.

This is the resting-place of the body, but not of the heart, of the Scotch weaver lad who went out

from his simple home an unknown lad and died as one of the greatest and most honored of men.

From his earliest childhood he was of a calm, self-reliant nature. We are told by his best biographer that "it was his father's habit to lock the door at dusk, by which time all the children were expected to be in the house. One evening David had infringed this rule, and when he reached the door it was barred. He made no cry nor disturbance, but, having procured a piece of bread, sat down contentedly to pass the night on the doorstep. There, on looking out, his mother found him. . . . At the age of nine he got a New Testament from his Sunday-school teacher for repeating the 119th Psalm on two successive evenings with only five errors, a proof that perseverance was bred in the bone."

At the age of ten he went to work in the cotton factory as a piecer, and after some years was promoted to be a spinner. The first half-crown he earned he gave to his mother. With part of his first week's wages he bought a Latin text-book and studied that language with ardor in an evening class between eight and ten. He had to be in the factory at six in the morning and his work ended at eight at night. But by working at Latin until midnight he mastered Virgil and Horace by the time he was sixteen. He used to read in the factory by putting the book on the spinning-jenny so that he could catch

a sentence at a time as he passed at his work. He was fond of botany and geology and zoölogy, and when he could get out would scour the country for specimens. On one expedition he and his brother caught a big salmon, and, to conceal the fish, which they had no right to take, they put it in his brother's trousers leg and so got it home.

When he was about twelve he began to have serious thoughts about deeper things, but not till he was twenty did the great change come which brought into his life the strength of the consciousness of his duty to God. Feeling "that the salvation of men ought to be the chief desire and aim of every Christian," he made a resolution "that he would give to the cause of missions all that he might earn beyond what was required for his subsistence." But at twenty-one he read an appeal by Mr. Gutzlaff on behalf of China, and from that time he sought himself to enter the foreign mission field, influenced by "the claim of so many millions of his fellow creatures and the want of qualified missionaries." So he went out from his home to follow the advice of old David Hogg, one of the patriarchs of the village: "Now, lad, make religion the every-day business of your life, and not a thing of fits and starts; for if you do, temptation and other things will get the better of you."

China was the land to which Livingstone wished to go, but the opium war prevented his doing so at once. About the same time he came into contact with Dr. Robert Moffat, who was then in England creating much interest in his South African mission. He told Livingstone of "a vast plain to the north where he had sometimes seen, in the morning sun, the smoke of a thousand villages, where no missionary had ever been," and it was not long before the young Scotch student decided for Africa. Livingstone was thorough in his preparation, as he was in all things. He determined to get a medical as well as a theological education. To do it he had to borrow books, to earn his own way, and to live with the closest economy, paying about fifty cents a week for the rent of his room. The first time he tried to preach he entirely forgot his sermon, and saying, "Friends, I have forgotten all I had to say," he hurried out of the pulpit and left the chapel. One of his acquaintances of those days wrote, years after, that even then his two strongest characteristics were simplicity and resolution. "Now after forty years," he adds, "I remember his step, the characteristic forward tread, firm, simple, resolute, neither fast nor slow, no hurry and no dawdle, but which evidently meant—getting there."

On December 8, 1840, he sailed for Africa, going out by way of Brazil and the Cape of Good Hope.

The captain of the ship taught him the use of the quadrant and how to take observations. He was to find good use for this knowledge. Arriving at the Cape, he went on to his first station, Kuruman, but he had no thought of staying there or of working in any fixed groove. He was thinking of new plans, and, above all, his eyes were turned northward toward the great region absolutely untouched and unknown. The first period of his work might be roughly marked as from 1840 to 1852. From Kuruman he made several trips deeper into the country, and had some of those experiences with lions of which he was to have so many.

On one trip he broke a finger, and when it was healing broke it again by the recoil of a revolver which he shot at a lion which made him a sudden visit in the middle of the night. Some of his trips were in ox-wagons and some on ox-back. "It is rough traveling, as you can conceive," he wrote. "The skin is so loose there is no getting one's great-coat, which has to serve both as saddle and blanket, to stick on; and then the long horns in front, with which he can give one a punch in the abdomen if he likes, make us sit as bolt upright as dragoons. In this manner I traveled more than four hundred miles." His investigations were undertaken on his own responsibility. He wrote home to ask the directors of the London Missionary Society to approve,

but if they did not, he said, he was at their disposal "to go anywhere, *provided it be forward.*"

He soon left Kuruman to locate at Mabotsa, and it was there that a lion nearly killed him, tearing his flesh and crushing the bone in his shoulder. A native diverted the attention of the lion when his paw was on Livingstone's head. When asked once what he thought when the lion was over him, Livingstone answered: "I was thinking what part of me he would eat first." When years later his body was brought home to England it was by the false joint in the crushed arm that it was identified. To avoid friction at Mabotsa, Livingstone, who had just built a house and laid out a garden, but who would quarrel with no one, gave up the station and went on with the daughter of Robert and Mary Moffat, the great missionaries of South Africa, whom he had just married, and established a new station at Chonuane. But there was no water there, so he moved again to Kolobeng, on the river of that name, and the whole tribe among whom he lived moved with him.

Kolobeng was unhealthful, and far beyond it stretched the vast unknown interior. Something in Livingstone's heart told him to go on. So on he went. On August 1, 1849, he discovered Lake 'Ngami, a body of water so big that he could not see the opposite shore. And, later, he found the River Zambezi. The lake was 870 miles from Kuruman

across a desert. He must find a passage to the sea on either the west or the east coast. "Providence seems to call me to the regions beyond," he wrote, and he heard ever more loudly the call of God to strike at the awful slave traffic. But what should he do with his wife and children? The only course was to send them home to Scotland. So, hard as it was, he took them to Cape Town in March, 1852, the whole party appearing out of the interior in clothes of curious and outworn fashions, having been eleven years away from civilization, and in April he parted from his family and turned back into the darkness.

Before he reached Kolobeng the Boers had attacked and destroyed that station. With all ties to any one place now broken, he started north, and in June, 1853, reached Linyanti, fifteen hundred miles north from the Cape. It was a hard and dangerous journey, part of it made with fever, through swamps and thickets and water three or four feet deep. "With our hands all raw and bloody and knees through our trousers, we at length emerged. But," as he wrote in his journals on the way, "if God has accepted my service, then my life is charmed till my work is done. . . . I will place no value on anything I have or may possess, except in relation to the kingdom of Christ. If anything will advance the interests of that kingdom, it shall be given away or kept only as by giving or keeping of it I shall most pro-

mote the glory of him to whom I owe all my hopes in time and eternity. May grace and strength sufficient to enable me to adhere faithfully to this resolution be imparted to me, so that in truth, not in name only, all my interests and those of my children may be identified with his cause. . . . I will try and remember always to approach God in secret with as much reverence in speech, posture, and behavior as in public. Help me, thou who knowest my frame and pitiest as a father his children." Evidences of the curse of the slave-trade multiplied constantly, and he saw more clearly at Linyanti that both for the suppression of that traffic and for the expansion of the missionary work it was necessary to open up the continent.

Accordingly, on November 11, 1853, he started westward for the Atlantic Ocean, and on May 31, 1854, came out at Loanda, about two hundred miles south of the mouth of the Congo. He had thirty-one attacks of fever on the way. He must find and make his own road. The floods and rains kept him almost constantly wet. Savages opposed him. He had no white companions. He arrived ragged and worn and exhausted, to find no letters from home waiting for him. An ordinary man would have felt that he had done enough and would have started for home, but not Livingstone. He plunged back into Africa and went eastward across the continent. He

left Loanda September 24, 1854, and reached Quilimane, on the opposite side of Africa, on May 20, 1856. On the way he became nearly deaf from fever and nearly blind from being struck in the eye by a branch of a tree in the forest. On this trip he discovered the great Victoria Falls, higher and fuller than Niagara, and he had yet more exciting times with savage tribes, whom, as always, he found a way to placate. From Quilimane he sailed for England, arriving August, 1856. At Cairo he learned of the death of his old father, who had longed to see him once again.

He got a tremendous welcome home. The Scotch weaver lad who had been all alone in Africa found himself the great hero of the day in Scotland and England. He was received by the men of science, by the Queen and the royal family, by all friends of humanity. He was given the freedom of the cities of London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, and honors of the Universities of Glasgow, and Oxford, and Cambridge. Unspoiled by all the flattery, he left England to return to Africa on March 10, 1858, going out now to Quilimane as British consul for the east coast and interior of Africa. As he sailed, he wrote back to his son, Tom:

"London, 2nd February, 1858.—My Dear Tom: I am soon going off from this country, and will leave you to the care of him who neither slumbers nor

sleeps, and never disappointed any one who put his trust in him. If you make him your friend, he will be better to you than any companion can be. He is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. May he grant you grace to seek him and to serve him. I have nothing better to say to you than to take God for your Father, Jesus for your Savior, and the Holy Spirit for your sanctifier. Do this and you are safe forever. No evil can then befall you. Hope you will learn quickly and well, so as to be fitted for God's service in the world."

"*Pearl,* in the Mersey, 10th March, 1858.—My Dear Tom: We are off again, and we trust that he who rules the waves will watch over us and remain with you, to bless us and make us blessings to our fellow men. The Lord be with you, and be very gracious to you! Avoid and hate sin, and cleave to Jesus as your Savior from guilt."

It was six years before Livingstone returned again to England. During this time he explored the Zambezi and the Shire rivers, making his way about among the people, whatever the difficulties, always with success, because he knew how to win and keep their confidence and love by being himself ever truthful, ever fearless. Mrs. Livingstone returned with him to Africa on this trip, and died on April 27, 1862, at Shupanga, where she was buried, and her husband went on alone to Lake Nyasa, making

unwearied explorations, surmounting the obstacles of nature and bad men, and learning ever more and more about the iniquity of the trade in slaves.

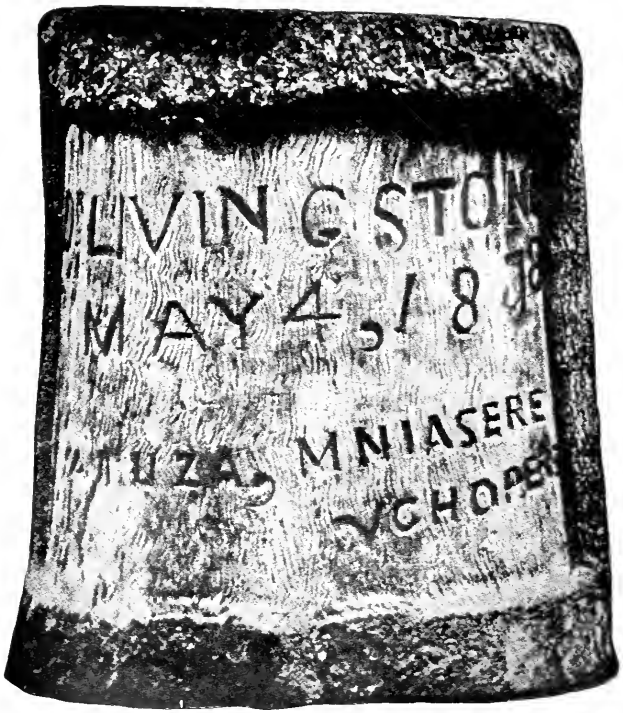
In 1864 he went to India and thence to England for the last time. While there he learned of the death of his son Robert, who fought on the Northern side in the American Civil War and lies buried at Gettysburg, and his mother also died while he was on his way. He got home in time to fulfil her wish that one of her laddies should lay her head in her grave. He had another crowded year, which included the writing of a book, as his previous visit had done, and then with the last public words in Scotland, "Fear God and work hard," he returned to Africa to open up the unknown eastern interior. This time his connection was with the Royal Geographical Society. For the first six years he explored eastern equatorial Africa, discovering new lakes, rivers, and mountains, exposing the slave-trade, suffering, struggling, but never yielding. One Christmas he writes, "Took my belt up three holes to relieve hunger." He had no white companion, and in 1866 the report reached Zanzibar that he had been killed.

This story was found to be false, but still no white man had seen Livingstone for a long time. He was not seeking to be seen, however. In the dark of the interior, all alone, hungry and weary, he was press-

ing on to open new country and to insure the future freedom of poor and oppressed peoples. In 1871 he was reduced to the last straits, all the goods sent to him at Ujiji having been sold by the rascal Shereef to whom they had been consigned; but just then Henry M. Stanley, who had been sent by the *New York Herald* to find him, came to him after a long search, bringing him ample stores. What impression he made on Stanley, Stanley himself has told us:

"I defy any one to be in his society long without thoroughly fathoming him, for in him there is no guile, and what is apparent on the surface is the thing that is in him. . . . Dr. Livingstone is about sixty years old, though after he was restored to health he looked like a man who had not passed his fiftieth year. . . . You may take any point in Dr. Livingstone's character and analyze it carefully, and I would challenge any man to find a fault in it. . . . His is the Spartan heroism, the inflexibility of the Roman, the enduring resolution of the Anglo-Saxon—never to relinquish his work, though his heart yearns for home; never to surrender his obligations until he can write *finis* to his work."

Refreshed by Stanley's visit and the supplies he brought, Livingstone turned inland again, hunting for the source of the Nile and fighting the slave-trade. The iron frame had been taxed almost to its



INSCRIPTION ON THE TREE IN ILALA, AFRICA, UNDER WHICH THE HEART OF LIVINGSTONE WAS BURIED

limit, however, and ever fresh difficulties had to be overcome. His last birthday, March 19, 1873, found him very weak.

"The 29th of April was the last day of his travels. In the morning he directed Susi to take down the side of the hut that the kitanda might be brought to him, as the door would not admit it, and he was quite unable to walk to it. Then came the crossing of a river; then progress through swamps and plashes; and when they got to anything like a dry plain he would ever and anon beg of them to lay him down. At last they got him to Chitambo's village, in Ilala, where they had to put him under the eaves of a house during a drizzling rain, until the hut they were building should be got ready.

"Then they laid him on a rough bed in the hut, where he spent the night. Next day he lay undisturbed. He asked a few wandering questions about the country—especially about Luapula. His people knew that the end could not be far off. Nothing occurred to attract notice during the early part of the night, but at four in the morning the boy who lay at his door called in alarm for Susi, fearing that their master was dead. By the candle still burning they saw him, not in bed, but kneeling at the bedside with his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. The sad yet not unexpected truth soon became evident: he had passed away on the farthest of all his

journeys, and without a single attendant. But he had died in the act of prayer—prayer offered in that reverential attitude about which he was always so particular; commending his own spirit, with all his dear ones, as was his wont, into the hands of his Savior; and commending *Africa*—his own dear Africa—with all her woes and sins and wrongs, to the Avenger of the oppressed and the Redeemer of the lost."

His faithful African companions prepared his body for transportation to the coast, burying his heart and other organs at the foot of a *mvula* tree in Ilala, which is now marked with a rough inscription. The body they carried to Zanzibar. Thence it was taken to England and buried in the Abbey under the great slab which bears his name, and the feelings of the whole world were expressed in the lines in *Punch:*

"Droop, half-mast colors, bow, bareheaded crowds,
As this plain coffin o'er the side is slung,
To pass by woods of masts and ratlined shrouds,
As erst by Afric's trunks, liana-hung.

" 'Tis the last mile of many thousands trod
With failing strength, but never-failing will,
By the worn frame, now at its rest with God,
That never rested from its fight with ill.

"Or if the ache of travel and of toil
Would sometimes wring a short, sharp cry of pain
From agony of fever, blain, and boil,
'Twas but to crush it down and on again!

"He knew not that the trumpet he had blown
Out of the darkness of that dismal land,
Had reached and roused an army of its own
To strike the chains from the slave's fettered hand.

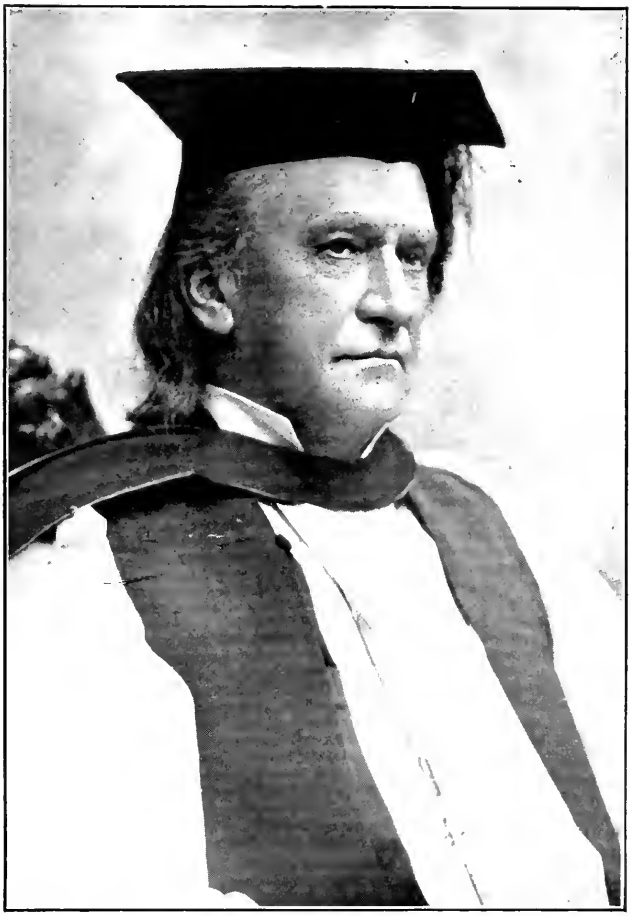
"Now we believe, he knows, sees all is well;
How God had stayed his will and shaped his way,
To bring the light to those that darkling dwell
With gains that life's devotion well repay.

"Open the Abbey doors and bear him in
To sleep with king and statesman, chief and sage,
The missionary come of weaver-kin,
But great by work that brooks no lower wage.

"He needs no epitaph to guard a name
Which men shall prize while worthy work is known;
He lived and died for good—be that his fame:
Let marble crumble: this is Living—stone."

HENRY BENJAMIN WHIPPLE

I ask only justice for a wronged and neglected race.
—*Henry Benjamin Whipple*



H. B. Whipple

II

HENRY BENJAMIN WHIPPLE

THERE are causes which need to be fought for. Sometimes it is right to fight for them with arms, though it is terrible when it is so. But wrong is not to be allowed to flourish unopposed, and those who oppose it must be prepared to meet it fearlessly. Often the conflict calls for no physical strife. It is a moral struggle. But it is a struggle, as truly as the work Paul had done and the life he had lived seemed to him to have been "a good fight." And Paul was glad that he had fought manfully, had put his soul in it, and, whatever his own fate, had prevailed. That is the only way to wage any battle.

In the last century one of the great struggles was for justice to the American Indian. Little by little his lands were taken from him. He was driven westward from the East and eastward from the West. Hemmed in by the encircling and ever-contracting lines of white encroachment, his hunting-grounds were destroyed, the money promised him was squandered before it reached him, or, if it reached him, was

made an occasion of debauching him, his manhood was ruined by the trade in liquor, vices of which he never knew were introduced, and the solemn treaties made with him by the government were broken. At one of the councils between the government representatives and the chiefs of the Sioux, an aged Sioux, holding in his hands the treaties made with the Sioux, said: "The first white man who came to make a treaty promised to do certain things for us. He was a liar." He repeated the substance of each treaty, always ending with, "He lied." And his accusation was true. When Red Cloud was once asked for a toast at a public dinner, he rose and said: "When men part they look forward to meeting again. I hope that one day we may meet in a land where white men are not liars."

The Indians needed a friend who would fight for them in their struggle against the injustice and wrong with which they were forced to contend. And God raised up for them a defender. He tells us that as a small boy he had a foreshadowing of the battles he was to fight for his "poor Indians."

"It was upon the occasion of a quarrel," he writes, "between a boy much older than myself and another half his size. Indignant at the unrighteousness of an unequal fight, I rushed upon the bully and in due season went home triumphant, but with clothes torn and face covered with blood. My dear mother, with

an expression of horror upon her fine face, ran toward me and, putting her arms around me, cried: 'My darling boy, what has happened? Why are you in this dreadful condition?' 'Yes, I know it's bad,' was my answer; 'but, mother, *you ought to see the other fellow!*'"

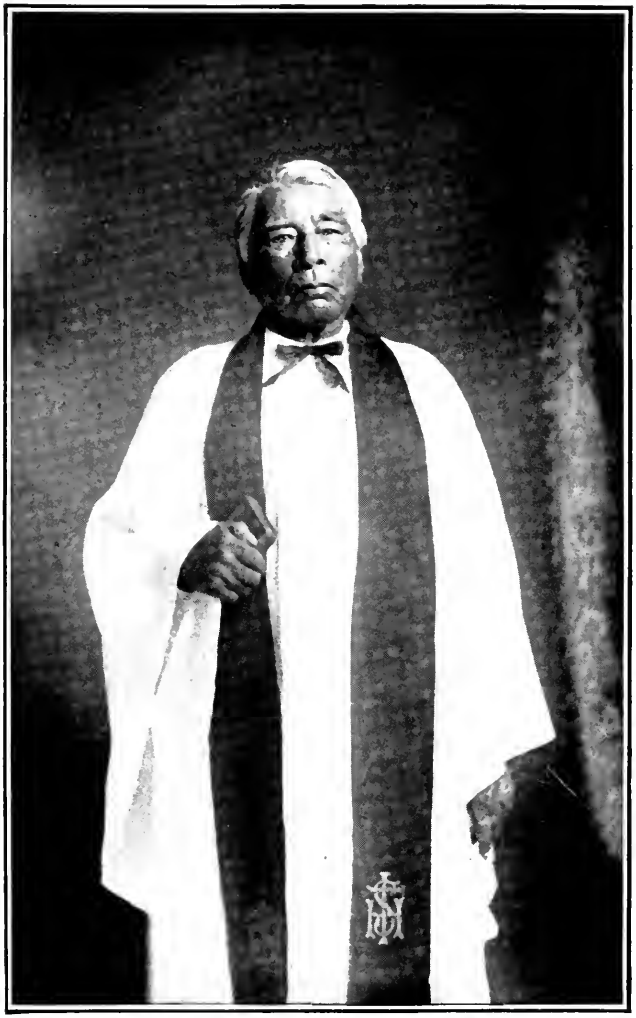
This boy was Henry Benjamin Whipple, the future Bishop of Minnesota, and the unwearied friend and protector of the Indians. He was born in Adams, Jefferson County, New York, on February 15, 1822. At ten years of age he was sent to a boarding-school in Clinton, New York, and later to Oberlin College, where the great Charles G. Finney was then president. His health failed as a student, and he went into business and politics, where he did so well that when his health improved and he entered the Episcopal ministry, Thurlow Weed, one of the leading New York politicians, said that he "hoped a good politician had not been spoiled to make a poor preacher." One of his first lessons as a preacher was from an old judge, who, after what Henry felt was a great sermon, laid his hand on his shoulder and said: "Henry, no matter how long you live, never preach that sermon again. Tell man of the love of Jesus Christ, and then you will help him." "It taught me," said Bishop Whipple, "that God's message in Jesus Christ is to the heart."

His first preaching appointment was in Rome,

New York. Then he went to Florida, and, working as he did always and everywhere for all sorts and conditions of men, gained a lifelong interest in the negro. Next he went to Chicago and established a new church there, gathering the people in from the highways and hedges and visiting every shop and saloon and factory within a mile of his hall. To get hold of the railway men he studied the structure of steam-engines.

In 1859 Mr. Whipple was elected Bishop of Minnesota, and began his work in the fall, and immediately visited the Indians, of whom 20,000 lived in his diocese—the Chippewas, Sioux, and Winnebagoes—and saw for himself their dark condition. At the same time, as he said years later, he never found an atheist among the North American Indians, and, though the field was hard, that was the more reason for not neglecting it.

The Bishop chose Faribault as his headquarters, and had his first service there on February 19, 1860. It was a humble beginning in an insignificant village. Now there are a Divinity School, with graystone buildings, in a park of three acres; a Girls' School, with pleasant grounds, and Shattuck School for boys, with armory and elaborate buildings in a place of 160 acres. Though often opposed, even in Faribault, for his defense of the Indians, the Bishop won over all foes, and when in 1895



THE REV. J. J. ENMEGAHBOWH, A FULL-BLOOD CHIPPEWA, ORDAINED BY BISHOP HENRY B. WHIPPLE

the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church met in St. Paul, the delegates visited Faribault at the invitation of its citizens. How firm a hold the Bishop had gained upon the affections of the community was shown by what followed. There could be no better test of true character. One of the committee, a Roman Catholic, said, "There must be a four-horse carriage for *our* Bishop," and when it was suggested that the Bishop would think it unnecessary, he exclaimed, "The Bishop shall have a four-horse carriage if I pay for it myself." And when a Roman Catholic liveryman was asked how many carriages he could furnish for the occasion, he answered, "You can have every horse and carriage in my stable without a dollar of expense."

The Bishop had plenty of rough-and-tumble work to do in the early years. Among other things, he learned early to pull teeth and to practise a little medicine, and used his knowledge on his next visit at White Fish Lake.

"After the service a chief came to me and, with his hand on his cheek, said, 'Wibidakosi.' With a not unmingled sensation I boldly answered, 'I will help you.' He opened his mouth, and to my dismay I saw that the sick tooth was a large molar on the upper jaw. But 'in for a penny, in for a pound.' It was a comfort to remember that Indians never show signs of pain, no matter how great the agony. I

followed to the letter all the good doctor's directions and I did *pull*. In spite of appearances I knew it was the 'ligaments' and not an artery that I had cut, but I used salt as heroically as I did the forceps, and it was with no small degree of satisfaction that I heard the old chief telling his people that 'Kichimekadewiconaye was a great medicine man.' "

He was lost in winter storms on the prairie, and he roughed it to and fro across the plains and among the frontier settlements, without any thought of sparing himself, only rejoicing that he could preach the real gospel to hungry hearts, which often welcomed it in earnest but homely ways. After a sermon preached in a town, an old woman said to him, with tears in her eyes, "Thank God, I got a good boost to-day." A border man once said to him, "There are two kinds of preaching, one with the lips and one with the life, and life-preaching doesn't rub out."

In 1862 and again later there were outbreaks among the Indians in Minnesota, in which fearful outrages were perpetrated, but which would never have occurred had there been just dealing with the Indians. Bishop Whipple spoke out for fair dealing and against all revenge. In so doing he did what was very unpopular. He fearlessly met the hostility which his course aroused. When urged to omit his blackest charges against the nation for the wrongs

inflicted on the Indians, he replied: "They are true and the nation needs to know them! And, so help me God, I will tell them if I am shot the next minute!" He made the charges before a gathering in Cooper Union, New York City, in 1868, and it led to the organization of the Indian Peace Commission. But, though he was firm, he was seeking not to arouse enmity but to produce friendship, and he had a way of winning men which led Captain Wilkins to say to some frontiersmen whom he heard declare that they "must go down to Faribault and clean out that Bishop": "Boys, you don't know the Bishop, but I do; he is my neighbor, and I will tell you just what will happen when you go down to 'clean him out.' He will come on to the piazza and talk to you five minutes, and you will wonder how you ever made such fools of yourselves." The frontiersmen went no further.

Bishop Whipple believed that it was rum which made most havoc among the Indians. At one Indian council he spoke very plainly against the evils of the use of the fire-water. The head chief of this band sometimes indulged in fire-water, and, being a cunning orator, he arose and said:

"You said to-day that the Great Spirit made the world and all things in the world. If he did, he made the fire-water. Surely he will not be angry

with his red children for drinking a little of what he has made."

Bishop Whipple answered:

"My red brother is a wise chief, but wise men sometimes say foolish things. The Great Spirit did not make the fire-water. If my brother will show me a brook of fire-water I will drink of it with him. The Great Spirit made the corn and the wheat, and put into them that which makes a man strong. The devil showed the white man how to change this good food of God into what will make a man crazy."

The Indians shouted "Ho! ho! ho!" and the chief was silenced.

The greater part of the work of his diocese was not among the Indians, but in the fast-growing cities and towns of the white people. Among them for nearly half a century Bishop Whipple went to and fro establishing churches and building up Christian institutions and winning men to Christ. This last was his constant work wherever he was.

He was tactful in trying to win all men. Bishop Whipple tells the following story in his reminiscences, *The Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate:*

"In the early days of my episcopate I often traveled by stage-coach, and my favorite seat was beside the driver. On one of these journeys from St. Cloud to Crow Wing the driver struck one of the wheel

horses who was shirking his duty, accompanying the blow with a fearful curse. There were three passengers on top of the coach, and, waiting until they were absorbed in conversation, I leaned toward the driver and said:

"'Andrew, does Bob understand English?'

"'What do you mean, Bishop?' was the response. 'Are you chaffing me?'

"'No,' I answered. 'I really want to know why the whip was not sufficient for Bob, or was it necessary to damn him?'

"The man laughed and answered: 'I don't say it's right, but we stage-drivers all swear.'

"'Do you know what it is to be a stage-driver?' I asked.

"'I ought to know,' was the reply. 'I've done it all my life; it's driving four horses.'

"'Do you think that is all?' I asked.

"'Well, it's all I have ever found in it,' was the reply.

"I said: 'Andrew, there is a civil war going on and men are fighting on the Potomac. There are five hundred troops at Fort Ripley, and there is no telegraph. There may be an order in this mail-bag for these troops to go to the front. If they get there before the next battle, we may win it; if not, we may lose it. When you go down to-morrow there may be a draft in the mail-bag for a merchant to pay his

note in St. Paul. If the St. Paul man receives the draft, he will pay his note in Chicago, and the Chicago man in turn can pay his note in New York. But if this draft does not go through, some one may fail and cause other failures, and a panic may ensue. Andrew, you are the man whom God in his providence has put here to see that all this goes straight, and it is my opinion that you can do better than to use his name in cursing your horses.'

"The man said nothing for some time, and then, looking earnestly into my face, he said:

" 'Bishop, you've given me a new idea. I never thought of the thing in that way, and, God helping me, I will never use another oath.'

"It changed the current of the man's life and he became an upright and respected citizen."

His work was effective with men because they knew he loved and believed that God loved them. He also believed in the unity and fellowship of all who loved Christ.

"The heaviest sorrows of my heart have come from a lack of love among brothers. When this love shall make men take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus and compel them to say, 'See how these Churchmen love one another,' we may be, in God's hands, the instruments to heal these divisions which have rent the seamless robe of Christ. And when I plead for love I plead for love to all who

love Christ. Shall we not claim as our kinsman Carey, the English cobbler, who went out as the first missionary to India, and who translated for them the Bible; and Morrison, the first missionary to China; and David Livingstone, who died for Christ in heathen Africa; and Father Damien, who gave his life to save lepers; and the Moravians, who offered to be sold as slaves if the King of Denmark would permit them to carry the gospel to the black men?"

If all Christians felt this way more men would be Christians.

In 1865 Bishop Whipple went abroad and visited Egypt. Five years later he was in Europe again. In 1888 he attended the Lambeth Conference of Bishops of the Anglican Church in England and preached the opening sermon. On this visit he was given the degree of Doctor of Laws by Cambridge University, and made an Indian speech which he said "the boys cheered like mad." In 1890 his health led him again to Europe and Egypt, and he was received by the Queen at Windsor Castle and preached in Westminster Abbey on his Indians. Seven years later he was in England again, preaching and working, and, as always, commending to men the love of their Heavenly Father. In 1899 he was back once more, and for the last time, to represent the Protes-

tant Episcopal Church at the Centenary of the Church Missionary Society of England.

But, though he went to and fro, he never laid down the work of his own field, and in 1871, after no little struggle of mind, refused to take the bishopric of the Hawaiian Islands offered by the Archbishop of Canterbury. It would have been a better climate for him, but he loved Minnesota, and at that time the Indians were a great and holy responsibility. When his health broke he got it repaired again, and his love of fishing, of which he was a master, and of open life helped to keep him strong.

Bishop Whipple knew all the Presidents of the United States from Jackson to McKinley. He was a man of bright and hopeful spirit. He said, at the close of his volume of reminiscences:

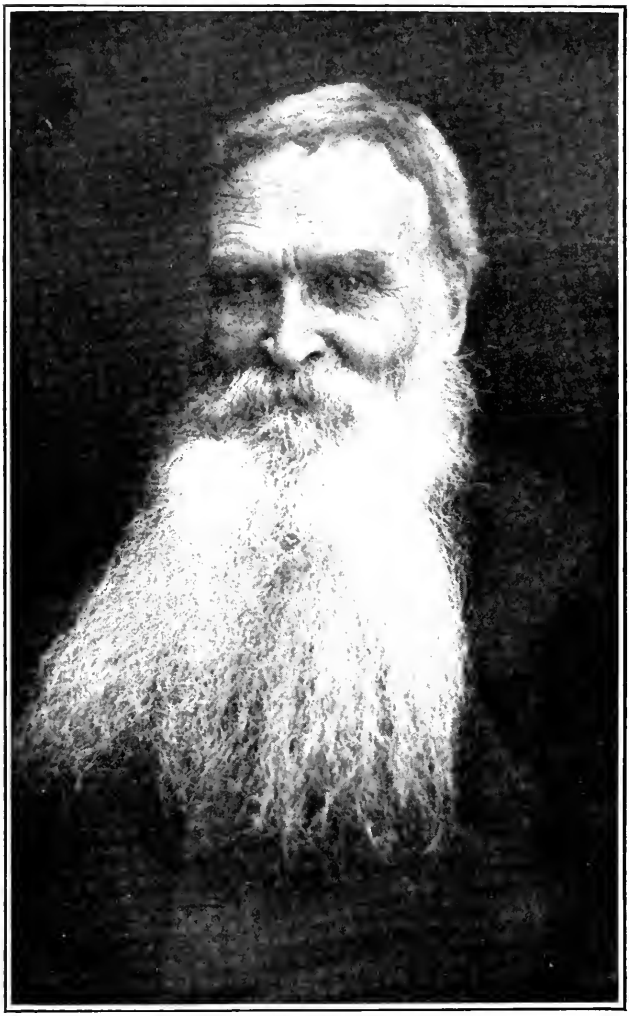
"My readers may think me an optimist, but a Christian has no right to be anything else. This is God's world, not the devil's. It is ruled by One who is 'the Lord our Righteousness,' 'the same yesterday and to-day, yea, and for ever.' . . . Ours is not a forlorn hope. We may, out of the gloom of our perplexed hearts, cry, 'Watchman, what of the night?' But faith answers, 'The morning cometh.'"

Into the brightness of the city, where there is neither evening nor morning, but light forever, and light without light of sun or light of moon to shine upon it, because the glory of God alone lightens it,

he passed on September 16, 1901, leaving behind him a great diocese as a memorial, and, what is even more than a great diocese, a great love in the hearts of men.

WILLIAM TAYLOR

I belong to God. —*William Taylor*



Wm Taylor,

III

WILLIAM TAYLOR

OF good old American stock which ran back to the days before the Revolutionary War, William Taylor was born in Rockbridge County, Virginia, May 2, 1821. He was the first child in a family of five sons and six daughters. The warm, enthusiastic faith of the Methodist Church laid hold on his father, and William drew breath in the same atmosphere and was marked out from boyhood for the work of the ministry. He was sent to his first circuit under appointment by the presiding elder when he was twenty-one. "He is muscular and bony," said Brother Seaver, describing his appearance at Crabbottom, "tall and slender, with an immense pair of shoulders on him. Being a tailor by trade, I may be allowed to say that the man who cut his coat ought to be sent to the penitentiary and put to hard labor till he learns his business; and as for the pants, all I have to say is that the widest-toed boots I ever saw were stuck about six inches too far through. The young man is awfully in

earnest, and preaches with power, both human and divine, and can sing just as loud as he likes."

He went straight at men for their lives. At Red Holes he joined the men in log-rolling in the woods the afternoon of the day he was to preach. None of them could match him, and as he invited them to come to the meeting they exclaimed: "He's a tremendous fellow to roll logs." "If he is as good in the use of the Bible as he is of the handspike he'll do." "He's the boy for the mountaineers." "He don't belong to your Miss Nancy, soft-handed, kid-gloved gentry." "Come on, boys, we'll hear the new preacher to-night." "In that afternoon," said he, "I got a grip on that people more than equivalent to six months' hard preaching and pastoral work."

His salary at the beginning of his ministry was $100 a year, and he did not need to spend all of this. He lived in the saddle and in his saddle-bags, and his one great book of study was the Bible. On his horse, as he rode about, his sermons were prepared and his great spiritual experiences came to him. On his way to a camp-meeting on the Fincastle Circuit, in 1845, he says: "There, on my horse, in the road, I began to say more emphatically than ever before: 'I belong to God. Every fiber of my being I consecrate to him. I consent to perfect obedience!'" That was the way he ever strove to live.

It was not long before he was sent from the country circuits to the city, first to Georgetown and then to Baltimore. Even here he found occasions when his great physical strength was an advantage to him.

"One of my class-leaders," he said of an experience at Georgetown, "a man of great physical proportions and power, teased me for a tussle. I said, 'Oh, my dear brother, I don't want a reputation of that sort,' and put him off a number of times; but one evening wife and I accepted an invitation to tea at Brother Wardel's, on Bridge Street, and as we sat conversing with the family and a few guests, in came my big class-leader, and as I shook hands with him he said, 'Brother Taylor, I have come to throw you down,' and with that, pinning both my arms in his embrace, he made a heave against me and threw me down in the presence of the company. I got up and said, 'Well, my dear brother, if nothing else will satisfy your curiosity you may take your hold and give me mine, and we will see how the game will go.' So, in the best temper possible, we each got our grip; I embraced him kindly, and with my right wrist in the grasp of my left hand, and my right fist clenched and set in the small of his back, with a sudden heave from the shoulders and a jerk of the hand-grip I sent him on a straight tumble, measuring his whole length on the floor, while I

kept my feet and in a second stood erect. I did not utter a word, but went and sat down by my wife. The brother arose quietly and, without a word, took his seat. He was a grand and good man, but innocently playful. I knew him intimately for many years afterward, and there never was a discordant note struck in our mutual friendship; but I never alluded to our trial of strength in his presence."

While in Baltimore, Bishop Waugh asked him to go to California to found a mission there, where the discovery of gold was drawing many pioneers. Years later Taylor wrote of this: "I replied, 'Well, Bishop Waugh, I can only say, when I was admitted into the Conference the question was put to each member of our class, "Are you willing to be appointed to foreign missionary work in case your services shall be needed in foreign fields?" Most of the class put in qualifying words and conditions, and some said emphatically "No!" but I said "Yes." I had not thought of such a possibility, and had no thought of offering myself for that or any other specified work, but I was called to preach the gospel by the Holy Spirit, under the old commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," and I suppose that includes California. I never volunteered for any field or asked for an appointment to any particular place, but have always been ready and am now to accept, as a "regular in

the service," an appointment under the appointing authority of our Church to any place covered by the great commission. It is not for me to say that I am the man suitable for California, but leaving myself entirely at God's disposal, giving you wisdom to express his will concerning me, I will cheerfully accept your decision and abide by it.' "

He went home and consulted his wife, and in 1849 they sailed for California, via Cape Horn, taking with him a chapel 24x36 feet all ready to be put together. Everything was costly in those days. Rent for a shanty was $500 a month. So William Taylor went into the woods, cut down timber, hauled it, and built a house and made his work self-supporting almost from the start. He preached on the streets of San Francisco, visited the hospitals, worked with sailors, miners, and merchants, and dealt with tact and love with all classes of the raw and variegated society of the new city.

After seven years in California, Taylor returned to the East and preached over the Eastern States and Canada. Nothing ever daunted him. "I think I could count on my fingers," he said, "the times I failed through a period of fifty years to keep my appointments, and they were on account of snowdrifts and floods well known to the people." He had what one called "the locomotive habit." "He must go and go," said Ridpath. "Of course, while he

was speaking the demands of his nervous nature were satisfied with that kind of expenditure. But I think he could neither sit nor stand nor pose. We have in physical nature what is called the unstable equilibrium. This William Taylor had in his inner man. I do not mean to compare this venerable apostle of the nineteenth century with the eldest of Jacob's sons. The instability in the case of the bishop relates only to the excess and vehemence of his nervous forces, demanding action, action, action."

He had a wonderful energy of speech, and his preaching was just direct personal conversation fitted to the exact circumstances, and his ceaseless aim was to save souls.

In February, 1862, he was preaching in Peterboro, Canada, and was the guest of a gentleman who had been in Australia, and who told him of the conditions there. He went out into the forest, kneeled down in the snow, and asked God whether he ought to go to Australia. He was convinced that he ought. His family returned to California, and he sailed August 1, 1862, for Liverpool on his way. For seven months he worked as an evangelist in Great Britain and Ireland and then went on to the Holy Land. There his long patriarchal beard secured him reverential treatment from the Orientals, including the Moslems, as he traveled over the land and visited the holy places. In Australia

he carried on evangelistic campaigns for three years, conducting great revivals. "The three annual sessions of the Australian Conference," wrote Taylor long afterward, "held during the period of my labors within its bounds, covering a period of nearly three years, reported a net increase in their churches of over eleven thousand members."

From Australia Taylor planned to go on to India, and sent for his family. The mother and three sons came to Sydney, and Taylor was summoned there from Melbourne by the news that the oldest of the boys was very sick of fever.

"The steamer from Melbourne to Sydney was packed from stem to stern with a crowd of fast men who were on their way to a shooting-match. They spent their evenings largely around the dining-table, playing cards, smoking cigars, drinking brandy, and cracking jokes. So my book on holiness, which has had a circulation of about thirty thousand copies, was mainly written in the midst of that crowd by the same light in which they were playing cards, with oaths from the unlucky losers.

"I had not seen my family for over four years. I kissed my wife and wept. Ross had grown out of my knowledge; I took him into my arms and kissed him and said, 'Ross, do you know me?' He said 'Yes, papa.' 'How did you come to know me?' 'My mother told me it was you.' So he received

me by faith, based on his mother's testimony. Then Edward, who was only two years old when I left him, came in. I took him into my arms and kissed him and said, 'Do you remember me?' 'Yes, papa.' 'How did you come to know me?' 'Oh, I remember you very well.' He probably remembered me by my photo, with which he was familiar. Our poor son Stuart was suspended in a doubtful scale between life and death. Dr. Moffitt, an eminent physician, in consultation with another, was doing the best he could. Ross, Edward, and I went into a retired place in the suburbs of the city and had a prayer-meeting for their brother. I prayed with all the earnestness of a broken heart; Ross prayed and Edward prayed, and the three of us wept together. Soon Stuart began to show signs of recovery. We were then on the eve of the hot season in Australia."

So the doctor advised their going to South Africa, and thither they went.

In South Africa, Taylor preached to English, Dutch, and natives, to the Dutch and natives through interpreters, but apparently with no less power on that account, although he had difficulty in getting interpreters who would speak as naturally and directly as he always did and urged that others should do. Most of his time he spent among the Kaffirs, conducting revivals and organizing the work. He regarded it as a military campaign, and appealed to

men to throw themselves into work for Christ as into a great war. "Such a work would wake the heroic elements of man's nature. How they are brought out by the tocsin of war! Within the last five years nearly a million of men have laid down their lives on the altar of patriotism. A low type of Christianity that does not enlist and employ the whole man sinks down to a formal secondary thing with him, and the active elements of his nature are carried off into other channels of enterprise. The heroic power of man's nature, enlisted and sanctified by the Holy Spirit, is essentially the old martyr spirit which kept the gospel chariot moving in the olden times. What had Garibaldi ever to offer to his soldiers? But did he ever call in vain for an army of heroes ready to do or die? He knew how to arouse the heroic element of men's hearts.

"Every passion and power of the human mind and heart should be sanctified by the Holy Spirit to the purposes for which they were designed. There is no field of enterprise to which the heroic element of our nature is better adapted or more needed than the great battle-field for souls, enlisting all the powers of hell on the one side and all the powers of heaven on the other. What a heroic record the Gospels give of the labors, sufferings, death, and resurrection of the Captain of our salvation and the noble army of martyrs trained under

his personal ministry! Give these gospel methods of aggression a fair trial in southern Africa."

In 1866 Taylor went with his family to England. Here, as in all his work, he believed in and practised self-support. At Tunbridge Wells a gentleman handed him a check for a hundred pounds as a present.

"I thanked him for his kindness," writes Taylor in his *Story of My Life,* "but informed him it was a principle with me not to receive presents from anybody, and passed it back to him. He stood silent for a few moments in apparent surprise; he had not been accustomed to meet men of that sort.

" 'But you sell books, do you not?' said he.

" 'Yes, I have two methods of extending the kingdom of Christ among men, the pulpit and the press. I depend on the press, by means of my books, to pay a big church indebtedness, support my family, and meet all my traveling expenses, all on the principle of business equivalents, and decline to receive gifts.'

" 'Well,' said he, 'will you give me an open order on your binder for all the books I want to buy?'

" 'Yes, sir; that is business on my line.'

"He was the only man who got a chance to help me found the self-supporting churches in India, out of which four Annual Conferences are being developed. I never asked him for anything, never

hinted to him that I was in need of money, but in assisting to build houses of worship for our Indian churches, I seldom ever felt the pressure of need that I did not receive a check from Brother Reed on book account."

In a few months Mrs. Taylor and the younger children returned to San Francisco, and Mr. Taylor went to the West Indies. The whole world was indeed his parish. He visited and preached in Barbados and British Guiana, in Trinidad, Jamaica, and other islands. At Georgetown, Demerara, he found the District Conference assembled and in a snarl. One of the revivals which he stirred wherever he went lifted the conference beyond its controversy, but one brother kept reviving it. "So I said to him," writes Taylor, "Brother Greathead, I want to tell you a story," and he said "All right."

"I have heard of a man who killed an opossum. He killed it dead and dug a hole in the ground and buried it. A neighbor saw him go every few days for a fortnight and dig up the opossum and give him another mauling. He said, 'What do you mean by digging up that opossum? You killed him dead the first time. You keep digging him up and beating him; what do you mean?' Said he, 'I want to mellow him.'

"I said, 'Now, Brother Greathead, we killed and

buried an old opossum last Sunday, and we must let him sleep.' "

His next work was in Australia and Tasmania again, after a short trip to Europe in 1869 and 1870, and then he began his campaign in India, landing in Bombay on November 20, 1870, and going up straightway to the great Methodist center of work at Lucknow. He began at once to work for the Eurasians, the people of mixed European and Indian blood, who constituted a large class in India and for whom little had been done. He urged that their souls were as precious as any, and that there was a great deal of strength among them which should be in use in the evangelization of India. He worked also among Parsees, Hindus, and Mohammedans, and his message laid hold of them. Some Afghan Moslem soldiers at one meeting declared, "This preaching is all true. It has loosened a knot in our hearts, and we are untying it." But the great work was for the Eurasian people, and his idea was to build up self-supporting churches. "We are not opposed," he wrote, "to missionary societies, or to the appropriation of missionary funds to any and all missions which may require them. Our ground on this point is simply this: There are resources in India, men and money, sufficient to run at least one great mission. If they can be rescued from worldly waste and utilized for the soul-saving work of God,

why not do it? All admit that self-support is, or should be, the earnest aim of every mission. If a work in India, the same as in England or America, can start on this healthy, sound principle, is it not better than a long, sickly, dependent pupilage, which in too many instances amounts to pauperism? I am not speaking of missionaries, but of mission churches. We simply wish to stand on the same platform exactly as our churches in America, which began poor and worked their way up by their own industry and liberality, without funds from the Missionary Society. The opening pioneer mission work in any country may require, and in most cases has required and does require, some independent resources which the pioneer missionary brings to his new work before he can develop it or make it self-supporting. Thus St. Paul depended on his skill as a tent-maker, and missionaries ordinarily have to depend on mission funds. Ten times the amount of all the money now raised for mission purposes would not be adequate to send one missionary for each hundred thousand of heathens now accessible."

The work in India grew greatly under his tireless, restless activity, and he became superintendent of the churches which were established on the independent basis in which he believed. Long before his death, however, the work in India and elsewhere which he had founded passed into connection with

the regular machinery of the Church. His work was to give the great initial impulse.

From India he returned in 1877 to the United States, and sailed that fall for South America. "I did not wish our friends to see us off," said he, "and they didn't come. I always prefer to come in and go out as quietly as possible; indeed, coming and going all the time, as I have been doing more than a quarter of a century, my friends could not anticipate my changes.

"On the eve of one of my departures from London to Australia a gentleman said, 'Mr. Taylor, what is your address now?'

" 'I am sojourning on the globe, at present, but don't know how soon I shall be leaving.' "

His funds were low, and he went third-class. "I believed," he said, "that my dignity would keep for eighteen days in the steerage." On the West Coast he found many foreign communities which were willing to promise support to teachers from the United States if Mr. Taylor would furnish them. He saw his opportunity in this, and returned to find the twelve men and six women he wanted. He sent them out to support themselves and do such missionary work as they could in Chile, Peru, Ecuador, Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, and Brazil. Many of them met with great difficulties and returned home. In some cases useful and influential

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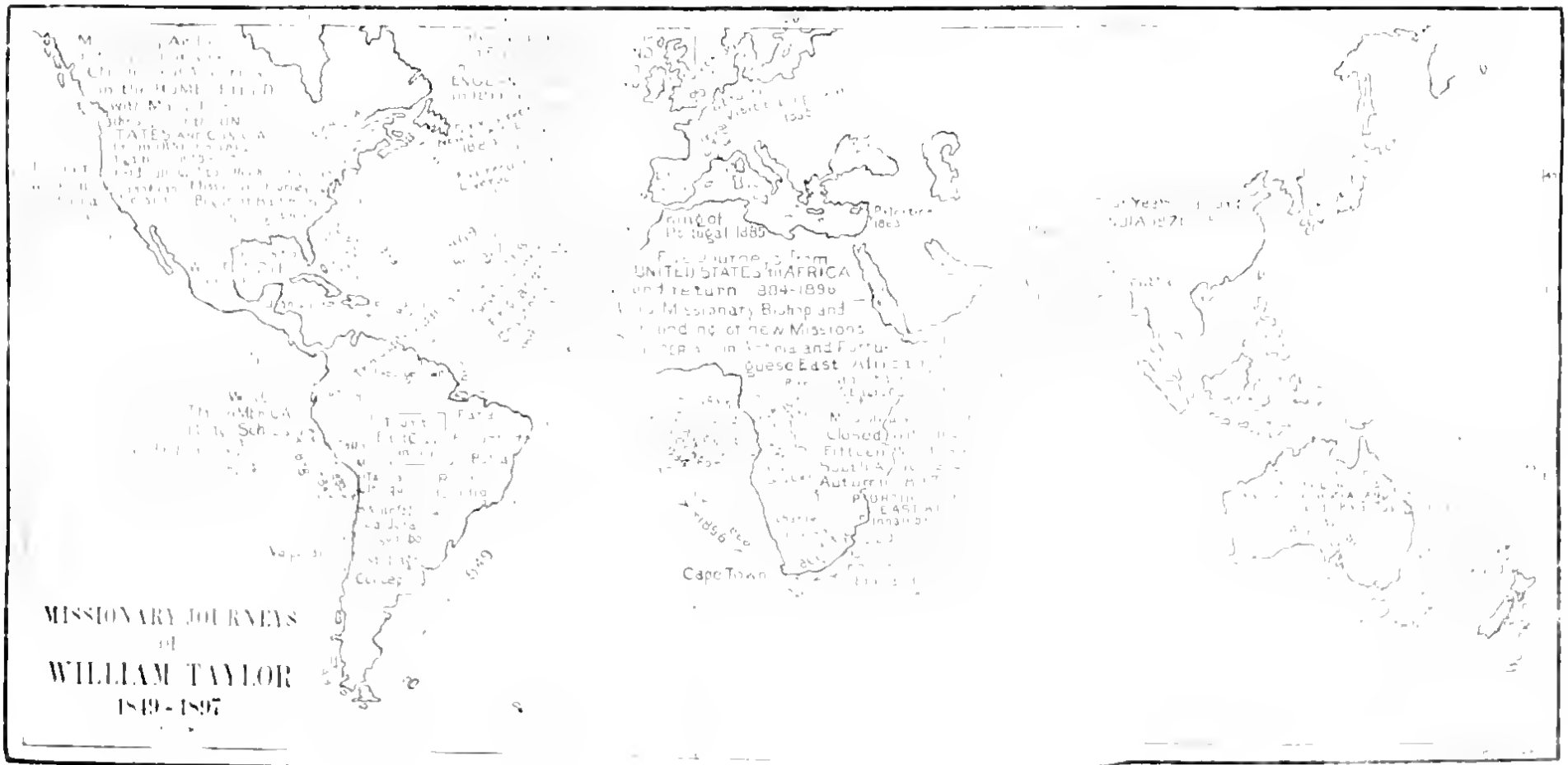

MISSIONARY JOURNEYS
of
WILLIAM TAYLOR
1849 - 1897
Cape Town

schools were established which abide. The whole work is now under the regular care of the Methodist Episcopal Church through its bishops and missionary society. The plan of self-support is often practicable, and there must be room for such free and independent workers, but, as in the case of William Taylor's missions, the loss and waste would be much greater than it has been, if there were not permanent missionary organizations which believe in self-support as earnestly as Taylor did, but which believe, also, in the value of organized and sustained effort. The mistake which Bishop Taylor made was in expecting the native Church to support, not only its native workers, but also the foreign missionaries.

In 1884 the old rugged warrior, now grown gray, was made Missionary Bishop of Africa. "I was not a candidate for any office in the gift of that venerable body," said Taylor, in discussing his election. "Subsequently, when nominated for the missionary episcopate of Africa, I hurriedly inquired of a number of the leading members of that body whether or not that meant any interference with my self-supporting mission work; if so, I should certainly refuse to have the nomination submitted. They assured me that the General Conference had no such design, but just the opposite; that they wanted me to introduce self-supporting methods into Africa;

and that fact was compressed into the short sentence of 'Turn him loose in Africa.' "

He went out with a company of over forty men, women, and children. At St. Paul de Loanda one died, and eight or ten more, sick or discouraged, returned home. The remainder settled in Angola. Leaving his first company there, Taylor returned to Europe, saw the King of Portugal, in whose territory he had begun his new work, and the King of Belgium, the head of the Congo Free State, in which the second chain of stations was soon begun, to be followed by an enlarged work in Liberia. The great service which he performed for Africa was in lifting his Church out of the narrow limits of Liberia and committing it to a continental task. For twelve years Bishop Taylor worked in Africa, and then in 1896 was retired from active duty. The old man accepted his retirement like a soldier, and issued a note in which he said:

"Many of my friends think and declare that the action of the General Conference which kindly put my name on the honorable list of retired heroes, such as Bishop Bowman and Bishop Foster, was a mistake. No such thought ever got a night's lodging in my head or heart. I have for fifty-four years received my ministerial appointments from God. If any mistakes were made, through the intervention of human agency, they did not fall on me. For the

last twelve years God has used me in Africa as leader of a heroic host of pioneer missionaries in opening vast regions of heathendom to direct gospel achievement, which will go on 'conquering and to conquer' till the coming of the King, if no bishop should visit them for half a century, but the General Conference has appointed as my episcopal successor a tried man of marvelous adaptability.

"Bequests and deeds to mission property are made to Bishop William Taylor or to his 'living successor.' Bishop J. C. Hartzell is now my 'living successor.' If he should die, or superannuate, then the *episcopos* appointed by the General Conference to take his place at the front would be my 'living successor.' I bespeak for Bishop Hartzell, on behalf of my work and faithful workers at the front, all the loving sympathy and financial coöperation of all my beloved patrons and partners in this great work of God. 'And you are going to lie on the shelf?' I am not a candidate for 'the shelf.' I am accustomed to sleep in the open sparkling of the stars, and respond to the bugle blast of early morn.

"At present

> God calls me from mudsill preparation—
> John the Baptist dispensation—
> To proclaim more widely the Pauline story
> Of our coming Lord and of his glory.

"Under this call of God I expect to lead thousands

of Kaffirs into his fold. In an evangelizing campaign of a few years through southern and eastern Africa I will, D. V., strike the warpath of the grand heroic leader of our Inhambane and South Zambezi missions—Rev. E. H. Richards. I will, D. V., go directly from New York to Cape Town, South Africa."

And thither he went, and during fourteen months of further labors, until his voice failed, won many more converts to Christ.

On May 18, 1902, at Palo Alto, Cal., the old missionary, who had preached on every continent and founded churches in many lands, finished his work. He was one who had ideas of his own and whose work other men have had to carry forward on other plans. But he wrought with mighty power and unafraid of all that might oppose. He was one

"Who never turned his back, but marched breast-forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed tho' right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

ALICE JACKSON

Father, make us pure and holy,
Father, make us good;
Show us how to love each other
As we should.

—*Alice Jackson*

Alice Jackson

IV

ALICE JACKSON

ALICE JACKSON was born at Styal, Cheshire, England, on December 19, 1876. Her father, Stanway Jackson, was an ardent Liberal in politics, an effective party worker, and a powerful platform speaker. He had a keen interest, which Alice inherited, in all movements of social progress, and his interest, as hers, sought expression in practical helpfulness. He was a member of the Church, superintendent of the Sunday-school, teacher of a men's Bible class, and leader of a children's service. On her mother's side, Alice was descended from a long line of Congregational ministers, and from both sides of the family inherited her interest in foreign missions. Alice was brought up by her mother and father, the latter of whom died when she was nearly thirteen, with the idea that work in the church and for the community was a matter of course.

In October, 1884, the family came to America and made its home at Englewood, N. J., where Alice lived until she went away to Smith College in the

fall of 1894. She was, like many children, shy and diffident, and often shrank from meeting people. In her simple unselfishness she would think she was not wanted in one or another company, and would retire, accordingly, into the background. She had an intense reticence of character, which always made it hard and therefore all the more impressive for her to speak of the deepest things. She was not a very strong child, and this brought the temptation of irritability, and one of her first battles was the battle which she victoriously won for self-control. When the shadow of a great limitation fell in later years and she suffered much, even her closest friends would not have known it from any outward betrayal, and she had learned this lesson of complete self-mastery as a child.

Her childhood, as all her later life, was filled with joyous good humor and playfulness of spirit. She had a great desire to hear funny things to make her laugh. As a child she would say, "Tell me something funny. I like to laugh." And in later years she always saw the ludicrous side of things, and no one who ever heard can forget the silvery ripple of that laughter which lightened all her talk. She was very fond in these early years of big words and of pets and of all living things. She informed an older sister one day that she knew a certain person was engaged to be married, for she saw her wear a dia-

mond ring, and "so my superstitions were immediately enlarged."

She was not a robust child. How serious her physical limitations were few ever discovered, except when she was suffering from the disease which ended her life. She appeared to work with exhaustless energy. During her college course, in spite of her childhood's delicate health, she was exceptionally proficient in athletic games. That was in part due to her nervous energy and in part to her indomitable purpose. What she made up her mind to do she did, and nothing could change any purpose she had distinctly formed. She would readily give up any wish of hers for the sake of another, but she would not be swerved from her own conviction one hair's breadth. Characteristic of this unswerving purpose was her determination as a child to learn her home lessons in the family sitting-room, where all the older members gathered after dinner to chat. She could not be persuaded to go into a quiet room apart. She liked company, and she liked even then to prove to herself that she could so concentrate her attention as not to hear what was going on around her. Perhaps to this self-planned discipline of mind may be due much of her later power to accomplish work at all times and in all surroundings. After completing her preparation at the Dwight School in Englewood, Alice entered Smith College in the fall of 1894.

There she was given the nickname of Ajax. One of her classmates wrote in the *Smith College Monthly* for January, 1907, of what Alice was and did in college:

"Unusually versatile, Alice Jackson entered into almost every phase of our college life, and whatever she touched became beautiful in her doing of it. Whether in work or in play, she reached out always for the underlying ideal, unconscious of herself save as an instrument of service. A member of the basket-ball team, she played a wonderful game, swiftly, quietly, efficiently, and fairly, always in the helpful place, never grasping an opportunity for individual glory at the expense of the team work. She grasped the ethics of the game and never even knew there was a selfish side. At the close of our official sophomore game, as we, crushed, tragic children, were trying to grip the fact bravely that for the first time in our college history the game had gone officially to the freshmen, it was our Ajax who found for us the key to the situation, 'It's *fine* for the freshmen.'

"So in the college honors which, as a matter of course, came to her lot, in Alpha, Biological Society, Colloquium, editor of the *Monthly,* and as a member of other organizations, religious, social, and intellectual, she regarded her election not as a cause for self-congratulation, not as a tribute to her own abilities, but simply as an opportunity for further usefulness.

SMITH COLLEGE BASKET-BALL TEAM ALICE JACKSON IS SECOND FROM THE FRONT

It was in this spirit that she entered into the Shakespeare prize essay contest, not with the desire of winning the prize for herself, but in order to fill out the necessary number of competitors. When word came to her that the prize had been awarded to her essay, she received the news with a burst of grief and disappointment. 'I thought C. would get the prize! She worked so hard.' "

Perhaps she grasped the class spirit so quickly because she was one of a large family of children who had always "done things together." Her idea of work had always been "team work," and a little home incident illustrates this. An elder sister was to be married, and the children, wishing to make the wedding gift their very own, planned to pick blackberries, sell them to their mother, and buy the present with their earnings. When the contents of the baskets were measured, Alice's proved to hold twice as much as either of the others, and so four teacups were bought instead of three; but the four, she insisted, should be given "from us all three together."

The Christian life, which had always been the dominant thing in her, came to full development in college. And as college closed, the thoughts of childhood ripened to large missionary purposes. In a letter written three years later she described the growth of her Christian experience and desire for Christian service:

"I do not think that my Christian experience has differed very much from that of most children of God-fearing parents. My father and mother loved God and trusted absolutely in him, and I grew up to love him, too, and to see, at first through them and then for myself, how he is indeed the loving, heavenly Father, who is always ready to help and strengthen his children, to bring comfort in sorrow, strength in the time of trial, to give power to overcome all temptations, and to sanctify and purify and beautify all life.

"During my senior year at college I was asked to serve as the chairman of our class prayer-meeting committee, and I think that at that time, in planning the work and in prayer for a deeper spiritual life in the college, I came closer to God than ever before. It seems strange that just after graduating from college, doubts as to whether there really was a God should arise. It seemed for the moment that the whole story of the Christ and of the Father might be a most beautiful legend, and one which I longed to believe, but had no right to do so unless I really knew it to be true. I determined to pray to God just the same, trusting that if there really was a God he would answer my prayer and give me a clearer vision of himself, and soon the doubts and troubles cleared away.

"Since that time Christ has seemed nearer and

more real than ever before, and I know and feel that he is indeed the truest and dearest of friends, who is always near and ready to help and to sympathize. I think that I long now with an ever-deepening desire to do God's will and to live as Christ did, a life of loving, unselfish service.

"Ever since a small child I have always longed to go and live among the poor and unhappy. At first not from any idea of doing missionary work, but simply because my own life had had so much happiness in it that I could not bear to think of any one else being unhappy. I wanted to share my joy with them.

"I always had a great admiration for missionaries, but their lives seemed to me to be so set apart, so far above my life or anything that I could ever become, that I never thought that I myself might one day be a missionary. It was not until the summer of 1898, when I was asked if I was not willing to go abroad as a missionary, that the possibility of really being able to do so came to me with any force. At Northfield, that same summer, I was taught that God can use our lives, and, working through us, can teach us how to bring others into his kingdom. Since that time I have longed to be a missionary, that I may not only share the joy that has come into my life with others, but that I may tell them of the love

of God, believing that through him they may be brought into lives of happiness and usefulness."

But before she offered herself for missionary service, she turned to the opportunities and responsibilities near at hand which called to her, and which offered the best preparation for the work to which she looked forward. And, as it turned out, she never went abroad and her life-work was as a missionary at home. She took up work in the New York School of Pedagogy, teaching at the same time, first in Brooklyn and then in Miss Audubon's school in New York, and working as a volunteer worker in the Christodora House. The following two years, 1899-1901, she was secretary of the Girls' Club at Greenfield, Mass. It was at this time that she offered herself for work in China.

"About China," she wrote, "I do long to go there more deeply than to any other place, and especially in the interior or to northern China. Mother wrote me the other day that I could not go to China next year. I think that the only reason is the danger, and I feel that when I can talk to her myself about it she may be willing to let me go in the autumn. At the same time, though my greatest desire is centered in China, I want to go wherever my life is going to be the most useful, and I don't want to let any personal desires come in. So, if it is really not best for me to go there, it will be a great joy to go to some other coun-

try. I really do want to go or to stay, whichever is best, only I cannot help hoping that I may be fitted for a life abroad. As I have written you, I long to go as soon as possible (if I shall prove to be fitted for such work), but I do want to have the best preparation and so be really useful."

The mission board's medical adviser declined to approve Alice's appointment, and informed the board and told her that probably she could never go to the mission field. He discovered that she was suffering from an ailment (diabetes) from which she could not hope to recover. She refused to be daunted, however, and, though she left the Girls' Club at Greenfield, went steadfastly on in her work at home, at the same time that she sought to carry out faithfully all the advice of the physician, whom, as with all whom she ever met, she made her fast friend. Nothing could disturb her serene and joyful confidence that if it was God's will she would get to China.

The summer of 1901 she spent at the Christodora House in New York City, a Christian social settlement on Avenue B, near Tenth Street. She had worked there before, and always went back when she could. She founded the Mothers' Club, beginning by asking the mothers of some of the children in the clubs to come and drink coffee and sing German songs once a week at the House. The club from its beginning of six German women, who met to talk

over their children and to sew, is now going on with a membership of thirty. She had clubs for girls, the "Loyalty" and the "Steadfast," and also a club for boys, which bore the name of "The Young Patriots' Club." She regularly taught the boys politeness, and greatly enjoyed the fact that the secretary of her "Young Patriots' Club" solemnly announced to an assembled audience at Cooper Union that the boys had spent the year in the study of "history, manners, and other relics." She wrote a little song for the children which became a great favorite:

A PRAYER

Father, hear thy little children
As to thee we pray,
Asking for thy loving blessing
On this day.

Father, make us pure and holy;
Father, make us good.
Show us how to love each other
As we should.

Through the day, O loving Savior,
May we grow like thee,
In the beauty all about us
Thy reflection see.

When at length the evening cometh
And we fall asleep,
In thy arms of love, thy children
Safely keep.

Father, hear thy little children
While to thee we pray,
Asking for thy loving guidance
All this day.

The little children still sing the song every Sunday afternoon.

In the fall of 1902 Alice went back to Northampton, Massachusetts, to become secretary of the Smith College Association for Christian Work, and remained till the summer of 1904. No years could be filled more full of rich and loving service than Alice Jackson filled these two years at Smith. What she had regarded as her limitations in childhood—her sensitiveness and her reserve—had developed into the very sources of her power. She was able to win every one, and there was no one whom she was not seeking to help and no work which she was not eager to do.

No girls were left out of Alice's thought and planning, and she sought especially, and with the most tactful sympathy, to help the Roman Catholic girls. In this she had the cordial help of Father Gallen of the Catholic church in Florence, a village near Northampton. Father Gallen has kindly written, with warm Christian sympathy, of his impressions of her and his estimate of her work:

"From my knowledge of the splendid results that followed years of self-sacrificing labor I am convinced that the Christian workers of Smith College found the leader they needed so much in the person of Miss Alice Jackson. She enabled them to direct their best energies with good results in a spiritual

way to themselves and others. All the churches benefited by her work, and especially my own. She sent me teachers for the Sunday-school—faithful, self-denying college girls. The distance from the college to my church is two miles, and some of these girls, because of our early services on Sunday, were forced to leave their houses before the breakfast hour and to fast until noon.

"I have always felt that Alice Jackson had splendid natural powers for Christian work. She was most gentle, yet persistent, in pursuing her object. In voice and manner there was a sympathetic quality so winning as to be irresistible. There seemed to be a perfect consonance between her charming personality and the beautiful teachings of the Master she served and loved so well. However, I like to think that her great success in her life-work was due to the grace supernatural bestowed by a loving Father in the light of whose presence I trust she may ever dwell."

In the fall of 1904 Alice went to Ludlow, Massachusetts, as secretary of the Welfare Work of the Manufacturing Associates. The factories made coarse textiles and employed 2,000 people, mostly unskilled foreign labor and largely women and children. The company had built and owned most of the village, streets, also the water and electric light service. They had some 300 houses, mostly single

cottages with small grounds about them. The town authorities manage the schools, which contained over 600 children; but no instruction was given in cooking or sewing. During the year 1904-5 Alice took charge of the work for the women and children.

All the while she was fighting her battle for health, and even for life, but with a smile so cheerful and an enthusiasm for others' interests so genuine that no one but her doctor and a few of her closest friends knew of the struggle that was going on.

In the fall of 1905 she returned to New York to be under the doctor's closer care, but all the while to be busily at work as industrial secretary for the New York City Young Women's Christian Association. The work was among the girls in the factories in New York City and was carried on under the supervision of a little committee, but Alice was left free to develop the work in accordance with her own ideas, the aim being to improve the condition of the girls, but more especially to improve the girls themselves by winning them to the Lord Jesus Christ. During the year she taught on Sundays a class in Sunday-school, and, of course, kept in close touch with the work at Christodora House. She had assisted Miss Grace H. Dodge in the summer work of the vacation circles and so had gained an additional opportunity for meeting self-supporting women. "She once remarked to me," writes one of

her sisters, "that there was only one shop in New York in which she did not know some of the saleswomen, and on going there was immediately addressed as a friend by one of them."

The summer of 1906 Alice spent in good part at home in Englewood, where she found special ways of giving loving help to friends in need. And in the autumn she went, with the doctor's consent, to Wellesley, Massachusetts, to teach the Bible and to work among the girls in Miss Cooke's School, Dana Hall.

In December what the doctor had long apprehended came. The disease which she had courageously fought, to which she had never for one moment surrendered, closed in inexorably. Her one thought, as always, was of others. "Don't let mother know I have any pain," was her entreaty. "Don't let mother be sad." Her suffering was not for many days, and on December 13 she entered into the great light for which she had longed and saw in his beauty the King she had ever loved and served.

So she passed on, leaving behind her a trail of glorious service. The Wednesday after her death would have been her birthday. It was her birthday, only not here, but in a far fairer country. There, beyond all the pain and limitation against which she strove bravely, she began the blessed service of eternity, fitted for it by the purity and unselfishness of

the life which Christ had lived in her and which she had described in verses which she wrote about another for one Christmas Day:

"Her life was one of sweet simplicity.
Forgetting self, unconsciously each day,
She taught the lesson of that sweet denial,
The joy of those who on the altar lay
Their lives—to take them up again for others,
Who to the world deep joy and gladness bring,
Fulfilling by their daily lives the message
Which on the Christmas morn the angels sing."

GUIDO FRIDOLIN VERBECK

I prefer to work on quietly and at peace with all. . . . The name is nothing, the real results are all.

—*Guido Fridolin Verbeck*

Guido F. Verbeck

V

GUIDO FRIDOLIN VERBECK

ON the 23d of January, 1830, at Zeist, Holland, a little Dutch baby-boy was born. His full name was Guido Herman Fridolin Verbeck. Sixty-eight years later the little Dutch boy, grown to be a man, died in Tokyo, Japan. When he died he was not a Dutchman, and he was not a Japanese. Indeed, he was a man without any country of his own. Yet he was a Dutchman and a Japanese. And he was also an American. So he had three countries at the same time that he had none. How could such a thing be?

He was a Dutchman because he was born in Holland and grew up as a boy in his father's comfortable home near Zeist. "We lived," he said, "as Jacob did, in the free temple of nature, enjoying the garden, the fruit, the flowers, with joy, on green benches between green hedges. And after sunset, when the stars were sparkling, then we brothers and sisters went lovingly arm in arm and passed our time in garden, wood, or quiet arbor,

enjoying each other's happiness and God's peace. The winter days we spent mostly on the ice, but toward evening in the cozy twilight we gathered around the warm stove, to enjoy with all our heart our happiness. Then father told us many a story, and we sang many good and favorite songs; after lamps were lit we all engaged in reading, ate apples, nuts, and pears." He had colts and rabbits and poultry and peacocks for pets, and a boat for the canals which ran through the place and the country round about, into one of which he fell at the age of two years and was nearly drowned. He was confirmed with a brother in the Moravian church at Zeist and went to school in the Moravian Institute, where he learned Dutch and French and German, to which he added English at home. He and his sister took pains to teach themselves a good English accent. They taught their tongues to say "th" by repeating "Theophilus Thistle thrust three thousand thistles into the thick of his thumb." So he learned to speak English as well as any Englishman. After graduating from the Institute at Zeist he entered the Polytechnic Institute at Utrecht and became an engineer. For twenty-two years the old Dutch house at Zeist was his home and then he left Holland.

Next he became an American. In 1852 he came to Green Bay, Wisconsin, where a sister and her

husband were living, intending to work in a foundry which a friend of his brother-in-law was establishing there for the manufacture of machinery for steamboats. On his way he was nearly wrecked on Lake Erie. He reached Green Bay after a rough journey, the last part of it by wagon and sleigh over terrible roads, only to find that the opportunity was disappointing. "I must see more of America," he said, "and be where I can improve myself. I am determined to be a good Yankee." He found employment at Helena, Arkansas, where he was soon busy planning bridges and engineering improvements, but the climate was unfavorable and he fell ill of fever and was wasted to a skeleton. His sickness was a turning-point with him. He promised God that if he recovered he would consecrate his life to service in the missionary field. As soon as he could walk again he returned to Green Bay and took charge of the factory there. But the purpose of Christian service had been firmly fixed, and encouraged and aided by a New York City business man he went to Auburn, New York, to the theological seminary in 1856. Just as he finished his course the call came to the seminary for an "Americanized Dutchman" for Japan. Commodore Perry had opened the long-sealed land in 1853-4. The first generous treaty had been negotiated in 1858. The Japanese

had long been friendly to Hollanders, and were now well-disposed to Americans, and Guido Verbeck had clearly been prepared for this very hour. He was all ready to go, and the Dutch lad, who had become an American, started in 1859 as a missionary to Japan.

He reached Nagasaki on November 4, 1859. His vessel steamed into the bay by moonlight. "With the first dawning of the day," he wrote, "I cannot describe the beauty that is before me. I have never seen anything like it before in Europe or America. Suppose yourself to be on the deck of a steamer within a port as smooth as a mirror, about sixteen neat vessels scattered about here and there, before you that far-famed Déshima, and around it and beyond an extensive city with many white-roofed and walled houses, and again all around this city lofty hills covered with evergreen foliage of great variety, and in many places spotted by temples and houses. Let the morning sun shine on this scene, and the morning dews gradually withdraw like a curtain and hide themselves in the more elevated ravines of the surrounding mountains, and you have a very faint picture of what I saw." When he landed the notice-boards prohibiting the Christian religion were scattered all over the country in city and village and by the roadside. This is what was inscribed on them:

"The Christian religion has been prohibited for many years. If any one is suspected, a report must be made at once.

REWARDS

To the informer of a *bateren* (father), 500 pieces of silver.
To the informer of an *iruman* (brother), 300 pieces of silver.
To the informer of a Christian who once recanted, 300 pieces of silver.
To the informer of a Christian or catechist, 300 pieces of silver.

"The above rewards will be given. If any one will inform concerning his own family, he will be rewarded with 500 pieces of silver, or according to the information which he furnishes. If any one conceals an offender, and the fact is detected, then the head man of the village in which the concealer lives, and the 'five-men company' to which he belongs, and his family and relatives will all be punished together."

Natives who associated with missionaries were looked upon with suspicion.

"We found the nation not at all accessible touching religious matters," wrote Dr. Verbeck long years afterward in speaking of these early days. "Where such a subject was mooted in the presence of the Japanese, his hand would almost involuntarily be applied to his throat, to indicate the extreme perilousness of such a topic."

Still God had been preparing some to hear and accept the gospel. Before the policy of exclusion had been abandoned, and while a British fleet was in Japanese waters, the duty of guarding the coast at Nagasaki had been assigned to the daimio or baron of Hizen, and he delegated one of his ministers, a house officer named Murata, whose title was

Wakasa no Kami, to look after it. He was to keep the foreigners from the fleet out of Japan, and also to prevent Japanese from leaving the country to go abroad. Murata frequently went out by night and day in a boat to make sure of the success of his various measures for fulfilling his duty, and on one of these trips found a little book floating on the water. His curiosity was aroused and he became more interested when he found out that it was about the Creator and the Christian religion. He sent a man to Shanghai and secured a translation of the book in Chinese and took it home with him to Saga. He was studying this book when Dr. Verbeck came to Nagasaki, and hearing of the missionary he sent his younger brother to get more information from him. In 1866 he and his brother and his two sons and a train of followers came to see Verbeck. "Sir," said he, "I cannot tell you my feelings when, for the first time, I read the account of the character and work of Jesus Christ. I had never seen, nor heard, nor imagined such a person. I was filled with admiration, overwhelmed with emotion, and taken captive by the record of his nature and life." The conversation lasted for hours, and then, though the men knew they were facing death in doing it, they asked and received baptism, and twelve years after finding the book in the water went home as Christian believers, the first converts of the young missionary.

Already, however, great changes were passing over Japan. The old political order was overthrown and a hunger for knowledge filled the land. Dr. Verbeck was asked by the government to open a school for foreign languages and science in Nagasaki. It was soon filled with more than one hundred pupils, among whom were many future statesmen of Japan, including one prime minister and the two sons of Prince Iwakura. From this school he sent out the first of the large company of more than five hundred young Japanese who came with his introduction to study in America.

In 1868 came the great political upheaval with the retirement of the Shogun and the resumption of active rule by the Mikado, who took an oath in the presence of the nobles to establish the empire on the following principles:

1. Government based on public opinion.
2. Social and political economy to be made the study of all classes.
3. Mutual assistance among all for the general good.
4. Reason, not tradition, to be the guide of action.
5. Wisdom and ability to be sought after in all quarters of the world.

In consequence of the change, Dr. Verbeck was called from Nagasaki to Tokyo to establish a school for the government, and he accepted the call. This

school grew into the Imperial University. At the same time, by force of his wide knowledge, his upright character, his self-obliteration, and his devotion to the best interests of Japan, he became the great adviser of the men who were controlling her destiny. "It impressed me mightily," says Dr. Griffis, who visited him at this time, "to see what a factotum Dr. Verbeck was, a servant of servants indeed, for I could not help thinking how he imitated his Master. I saw a prime minister of the empire, heads of departments, and officers of various ranks, whose personal and official importance I sometimes did, and sometimes did not, realize, coming to find out from Dr. Verbeck matters of knowledge or to discuss with him points and courses of action. To-day it might be a plan of national education; to-morrow, the engagement of foreigners to important positions; or the despatch of an envoy to Europe; the choice of the language best suited for medical science; or how to act in matters of neutrality between France and Germany, whose war vessels were in Japanese waters; or to learn the truth about what some foreign diplomat had asserted; or concerning the persecutions of Christians; or some serious measure of home policy."

Perhaps the two greatest services which he rendered were the translation of the Western law books, law codes and books on political economy and in-

ternational law, and the projection of the famous Iwakura embassy. This was a body of the most influential men of the empire sent abroad to America and Europe. In America Joseph Hardy Neesima, then a student here, was attached to the embassy as an interpreter. Dr. Verbeck's share in planning this embassy was little known at the time, and his policy was always to conceal his influence. He wrote of this particular enterprise, however, to an old friend in America. "All this," he said, "I only write to *you,* and not to the *public;* for, as I said before, publishing such things would be directly contrary to my invariable principles of operation, would ruin my reputation, and make me lose the confidence of the people, which it has taken me twelve years to gain in a small degree. Besides, there is a tacit understanding between Iwakura and myself that I shall leave the outward honor of initiating this embassy to themselves. And who cares for the mere name and honor, if they are sure to reap the benefits, toleration and its immense consequences, partly now, but surely after the return of this embassy? Moreover, there is quite a band of foreign ministers and consuls who look with envy on me and my doings, and it would not be right nor expedient wantonly to stir up their ire. I prefer to work on quietly and at peace with all. Each man has his sphere of action; I like to keep within mine, without intruding

myself on others. The name is nothing, the real results are all. Except to an old friend and a brother, like you, I would not have ventured to write the above, for fear of being misunderstood." This embassy accomplished all that Dr. Verbeck had hoped. The nation moved forward more rapidly and steadily than ever, and, best of all, the notice-boards against Christianity were taken down and the door for missionary work began to open widely.

After starting the new school in Tokyo Dr. Verbeck was for five years attached to the Senate. This was a body formed as a preparatory step to a national constitution and parliament, and Dr. Verbeck was adviser to it. By 1877 the new government was well-established and had a number of foreign advisers, and Dr. Verbeck decided to withdraw from its service and give all his time again to direct missionary work. This he did in 1877, and to show that Japan appreciated what he had been to her, the emperor bestowed upon him on his withdrawal the decoration of the third class of the Order of the Rising Sun. He later gave further service to the government, but his remaining years were spent directly in the work of missions.

His great reputation, his favor with the government, his wonderful command of the Japanese language, which brought great crowds to hear him speak, and his unselfishness and lowliness of mind

DECORATION OF THE ORDER OF THE RISING SUN

made him one of the great Christian forces of the empire, and he went far and wide, preaching in theaters and halls and churches. He taught in one of the theological schools and aided in the translation of the Bible.

All this time he had been a man without a country. Leaving Holland as a minor he had lost his Dutch nationality, and he had not been naturalized in the United States, so that he had no American citizenship. In Japan there was no provision for the naturalization of foreigners, so that he could not be a Japanese. Yet Japan was his real country, and in 1891 he applied to be made a citizen of Japan. After explaining his situation to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, he wrote: "If there existed in this empire laws for the naturalization of foreigners, I should under these circumstances gladly avail myself of them. But in the absence of such laws, I take the great liberty to request of your excellency to be so very kind, if possible, to use such means as your excellency may deem proper and suitable to have me placed under the protection of the supreme government of this empire. I have but little to recommend myself to your excellency's favor, unless I be allowed to state, for the benefit of those who may perhaps not know it, that I have resided and labored in this empire for more than thirty years and spent one-half of this long period in the service of both the

former and the present government of Japan." The Japanese Government granted him his request and took him and his family under its protection and gave him and them the right, which no other foreigner then enjoyed, "to travel freely throughout the empire in the same manner as the subjects of the same, and to sojourn and reside in any locality." The Minister of Foreign Affairs, in sending him this statement, wrote: "You have resided in our empire for several tens of years, the ways in which you have exerted yourself for the benefit of our empire are by no means few, and you have been always beloved and respected by our officials and people."

Seven years later the life so influential and beloved came peacefully to an end in his home in Tokyo. The city government of Tokyo presented the family with the burial plot in which his body was laid, and the emperor himself paid the funeral expenses, and a representative from the emperor came to the funeral to carry the decoration which had been presented to the missionary and which was laid on a cushion and placed on the casket during the funeral services. Being a decorated man, a company of soldiers escorted the body two miles to the cemetery and afterward saluted the grave with presentation of arms and other ceremonies of honor.

What the nation thought was expressed by the

Kokumin no Tomo (*The Nation's Friend*), one of the Japanese journals:

"By the death of Dr. Verbeck the Japanese people have lost a benefactor, teacher, and friend. He was born in Holland, was educated in America, and taught in Japan. The present civilization of Japan owes much to his services. Of the distinguished statesmen and scholars of the present, many are those who studied under his guidance. That during his forty years' residence in this land he could witness the germ, the flower, and the fruit of his labor, must have been gratifying to him. It should be remembered by our people that this benefactor, teacher, and friend of Japan prayed for the welfare of this empire until he breathed his last."

So the man without a nation helped to make a nation.

ELEANOR CHESNUT

My life is lived so much among unlovely and unlovable people that I have learned to have great sympathy and great love for them.

—*Eleanor Chesnut*

Eleanor Chesnut

VI

ELEANOR CHESNUT

On the wall of one of the rooms of the Presbyterian Foreign Mission Board, in New York City, is a bronze memorial tablet bearing this inscription:

In Loving Memory
of the
MISSIONARY MARTYRS
of Lien-chou, China,
ELEANOR CHESNUT, M.D.
MRS. ELLA WOOD MACHLE
and her little daughter amy
REV. JOHN ROGERS PEALE
MRS. REBECCA GILLESPIE PEALE
who, for Christ's sake, suffered cruel death at
Lien-chou, China, October 28, 1905.

"They loved not their lives unto the death."
Rev. xii. 11.

"They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train."

ELEANOR CHESNUT, whose name stands first on the tablet, was born at Waterloo, Iowa, on January 8, 1868. Her father was Irish,

and her mother, whose maiden name was Cain, a Manx woman. The father disappeared about the time Eleanor was born and was never heard of again, and the mother, who had the sympathy and respect of the neighbors, died soon after, when Eleanor was three years old. Eleanor was adopted, but not legally, by friendly neighbors of scanty means, who had no children of their own and found the little girl both a comfort and a problem. Her adopted parents did for her what they could, and the father, looking back across the years, recalls "her loving, kindly ways, her obedience in the family circle, her studious habits, and her unselfish ways." But from the time she first understood her situation and loneliness and poverty, the child felt it keenly and was filled with inward resentment. However tractable she appeared outwardly, she afterward said, she was unhappy and lonely, hating control and longing for the sympathy of a mother's love. Her great happiness lay in her school life, but when she was twelve it seemed that she might have to give up school altogether. At that time she left Waterloo and went to her aunt's in Missouri. The home was a farm in an ignorant backwoods country community where school privileges were of the most primitive character, and the struggle for life in the home was too strenuous to leave anything for the expense of education.

In her new home, however, she heard in a round-about way of Park College. The knowledge of the existence of such an institution, where she might work her way to an education, brought a gleam of hope into her despair. In characteristic fashion she wrote directly to the president of the college, telling him her longings and difficulties, and he wrote to her to come to Parkville. She entered the academy and remained until she had completed the full college course, usually staying there summers as well as winters. Here she found an entirely new and congenial environment. She entered Park College a forlorn, unapproachable girl with many faults of many kinds; she found in Dr. McAfee a true friend, whose patience was inexhaustible and whose influence remained with her always. She also found many warm friends among the students, her surroundings were congenial, and she became as zealously honest as she declared she had been before unreliable.

She was not strong physically, and in those early days of the college, teachers and students alike knew the strain of overwork and undernourishment. "I do not know," writes a friend, "how her personal expenses were met. Her eldest brother was now at work and occasionally sent her a little money, and Mrs. McAfee had clothes given her for needy students, from which store Eleanor was largely

clothed, a charity which she never could receive in any spirit of gratitude, but which she accepted of necessity and with bitter resentment. All these experiences made her in after life full of understanding, gentleness, and tact for others who were poor and forlorn and proud." Outwardly she bore herself bravely and quietly, but her heart was very lonely, and her life had not found yet the great inner secret which brought her later the beauty and peace of a consecrated soul.

Before she left Park College she had yielded to the steady Christian influence of the college and become a member of the Church. She had also gone further and decided to become a missionary. As her reason for the decision she gave simply "desire to do good in what seems the most fitting sphere." She left Park College in the spring of 1888, and went to Chicago to study medicine. To one who offered to aid her, she wrote: "I have had developed in me a liking for medical study, although I did not seriously think of the matter until of late. It seemed to me such an utter impossibility to carry out the design, as I am without means and without friends to assist. But I do trust that I am by divine appointment fitted for this work. My age—twenty-one next January. Oh! I just do long to do this work." The strong power of an unselfish purpose was beginning to work within

her. In Chicago she entered the Woman's Medical College. "During the first year," writes the friend whom she came to know about this time and who became her one intimate friend and correspondent, "she lived in an attic, cooked her own meals, and almost starved. At the close of this first year of medical education, she decided to take a course in nursing as well, and that spring entered the Illinois Training School for Nurses in Chicago for the course, which was then two years. This was a new and trying experience. Eleanor always resented authority which hampered her own methods, also she was careless and inexact in her ways, and training-school discipline was a continual thorn in her flesh. She loved the poor and suffering patients who were under her care, and was tender and untiring in her care, faithful to the last detail where essentials were concerned. After leaving the medical college, she spent a winter in the Woman's Reformatory in South Framingham, Mass., as assistant to the resident physician, a very useful and happy experience, and then took a short course in the Moody Bible Institute."

In 1893 she sent in her formal application for missionary appointment, expressing a preference to be sent to Siam: "Am willing to be sent to whatever location may be deemed fittest. But being asked if I had a preference, my thoughts turned to

Siam. It is a specially interesting field to me since I have always had throughout the country friends and correspondents. If their special need and my desire should coincide it would be for me a delightful circumstance. I do not, however, set my heart on any one place, but rather pray that wherever it may be it will be the appointed one, that what powers I possess may be used to the best advantage." She had prepared herself carefully for the work. She had made her own way through college, medical school, and nurses' training-school, while she worked as a nurse in summer vacations, having nursed Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in his last illness. She had also taken hospital training, including a good deal of pharmaceutical work, and she had sought to make up for what she regarded as her shortcomings in the knowledge of the Bible and spiritual experience by going to the Bible Institute. Those who knew her believed that she was well fitted for the work.

She was appointed without hesitation as a medical missionary on August 7, 1893, was assigned to South China, and sailed in the fall of 1894 on the steamship *Oceanic* from San Francisco for Hongkong. There was quite a party of missionaries on board. The fifth day out she wrote: "I fear there were very few dry eyes as we caught the last glimpse of her [the tug which had accompanied them out of the bay] and heard the last strains of Auld Lang

Syne. I am glad to say that thus far I have shed no tears. It would have been easy enough, but I know there will be enough to weep over in the future." At the end of the journey she wrote: "I did hate to say good-by to the *Oceanic*. The officers were all so kind that I shall regard them as old friends." As soon as possible after reaching Canton she went on inland to her own station at Sam-kong, a town at the head of the waterways in the northwest corner of the province of Kuang-tung near the border of Hu-nan. The mission station consisted at the time of one family, one self-supporting single woman and one single man. There were a girls' boarding-school, three churches at Sam-kong, Lien-chou, and Lam-mo, and wards for the medical care of women and men, though these were very inadequate. Dr. Chesnut began at once upon arrival the study of Northern Mandarin. Later she tried to acquire also some use of local dialects, almost indispensable for reaching women who know nothing but their own village dialect.

She began her work in her own way, drawing on the inner resources, and not making herself a dependent upon others. "Every morning," she wrote to her friend at home, "I have a choice little time all to my lonesome. First I read the new quotation on the calendar, then the thought for the day in 'Daily Strength for Daily Needs' and finally play

and sing a hymn. I enjoy my faltering attempts at music very much. I can speak the language of my soul quite as effectively in a simple melody as some one else might in a grand sonata. The Thwings have two baby organs and so have loaned me one to have in my room. It is a good companion. Whenever I get restless over Chinese hieroglyphics or a trifle dull I play one of the few only tunes I know. Thus far, I am thankful to say, I have been visited but little by the dread demon of homesickness. There was a time of all-goneness which lasted a week or two and helped to reduce my avoirdupois. But, thank fortune, it is past. I pray that it may not return."

A little hospital for women was prepared. Of this she wrote: "The little hospital is nearly finished. I look out upon it with admiring eyes and fancy myself within it administering 'yarbs' and 'essences' at a great rate. I have at present a young girl in my charge sick with a low fever. How I should like to remove her from her dark room to the hospital and look after her myself. Am afraid she will not recover, though I do hope for her sake and for the work's sake she will. Every patient that I lose counts so much against the work here. I really do labor at a disadvantage. Being able to talk so little, I do not get as clear a history as I might at home. Another

obstacle is the scarcity of drugs. When I want one it never seems to be in the dispensary; and when it is, sometimes I can't find it because many of the bottles are labeled in Chinese. The horrid tin cans instead of bottles! Oh! lots of things one never would dream of. But I don't care for any of these trifles if only I am well and make a success of what I have begun."

She had reached China about the time of the anti-foreign disturbances in the Yang-tzŭ Valley fomented by Chou-han and his propaganda in Hu-nan. She refers to these conditions in one of her letters: "The missionaries here are all well and the city is peaceful. The interior seems pretty well disturbed. I do hope you won't be frightened by newspaper accounts. I don't think we are in any danger, and if we are, we might as well die suddenly in God's work as by some long-drawn-out illness at home. Miss Johnston writes that the Sam-kongites are usually friendly. I think there is still much hope for China in spite of such expressions as 'an unclaimable lot of heathen savages.' But I am sure that it is our duty as a Christian nation to enlighten the Chinese, and I think very few persons at home realize what idolatry is—how full of cruel superstition China is. They spend their whole existence in fear of some devil or other, and die with it still upon them. I feel especially sorry for the women.

The majority don't know anything aside from combing their hair, doing a few household duties, bearing children, and afterward hanging them upon their backs till they are five or six years of age. They are not expected to be intelligent, and do not expect it themselves. Their lives seem so barren—their tasks no higher than those of a beast of burden—vexed with human passions and endowed with no power to control them."

Within a year after reaching Sam-kong, Dr. Chesnut had an opportunity to go down on a visit to Canton, and while there she studied the extensive medical work of the mission hospital and also seized every chance of rendering service to those in need.

In the spring of 1898 Dr. Chesnut removed to Lien-chou, a more favorable location than Sam-kong, the station having purchased a good site on the river bank opposite the city. "Here I am at last," she wrote, "in the much-looked-forward-to Lien-chou. Monday I had a few of the most important things carried overland. I hear that the boats are on their way. They have divided their cargo with several others and are floating the hospital bed boards and my springs. Won't they be rusty! I only hope they won't try to float the books and the organ. I don't mind being here alone at all." She was living alone at this time at Lien-chou, the five other members of the station still residing at Sam-

kong. She was in the men's hospital, the women's hospital having not yet been built. In the absence of Dr. Machle, who was in charge of the men's hospital, she was conducting all the work. In her letter she writes:

"How many people do you suppose are temporarily in my charge? Two day-school teachers, the hospital preacher, janitor, scribe, doctor, watchman, woman who helps in Sam-kong dispensary, the woman who helps in this dispensary, and the Bible-woman. I have to be after some one continually, but I do hate to get after people. I am conscious of so many failings on my own part that I don't feel equal to attending to those of others.

"I have to perform all my operations now in my bathroom, which was as small as the law allowed before. Now with an operating table it is decidedly full. I do not mind those inconveniences at all, however. I wish I could look forward to as good accommodations for the work next year.

"I really cannot find time to write much these days. There are thirty in-patients in the hospital, most of them fever cases. If they were all of the common class they would serve to keep one person busy, but the fact of belonging partly to the official class accentuates matters. The Lien-shan official, his wife, his cousin, one child, and a whole retinue

of servants are in the hospital, and the wife and child of a smaller official. To-night I have a case of dementia on hand, a Lien-chou official who has ruined himself with opium. He is only thirty-five years of age and has an excellent mind. He came to me this evening to implore protection. He thinks he is continually pursued by demons. I had no place for him but my study. He is sometimes violent and has to be carefully watched. So I am sitting here on guard now. I do hope he will recover, but you have seen enough of these opium cases in the hospital to know what they are like. My patient is now seated at the table reading, but I can see that he is decidedly fidgety. He is a fine, tall man with a clear complexion and fine white teeth. He seems to have a good mind, and it is a pity that he is in this condition. I often think what a different idea you would have of the Chinese if you could see some of these handsome, well-dressed gentlemen. They are so polite that one minute I am filled with awe and the next overcome by the ludicrousness of some child-like freak. There is the making of a great nation in China.

"One of my patients, a wealthy man, the one whose wife I mentioned before, has had a tablet made for me like the one the Lien-shan official and his cousin presented me with. The tablet is to be sent in the morning and I am going to the feast in

the evening. I dread the thought of it. I am so tired. I wish I could sleep a whole day. I shall soon be rested, however. . . . The other night the druggist gave me a prescription which you may find useful, though the ingredients are more difficult to procure in America than in China. You must catch some little rats whose eyes are not yet open, pound them to a jelly, and add lime and peanut oil. Warranted to cure any kind of an ulcer."

How many surgeons would like to amputate a leg without any skilled helper? Of course, it is done, but it is not customary.

During the time above mentioned Mr. Lingle occasionally returned to the station from his almost constant itineration. He came to Lien-chou just when Dr. Chesnut was about to perform such an operation. I believe he held the leg, but Dr. Chesnut did the cutting and sewing.

"The operation was very successful," wrote one of her associates. The man not only did not die on the table, but, better still, he recovered strength. Several times I saw him going about on crutches with a bright smile and good color. But Dr. Chesnut was not satisfied with the results. The flaps of skin which were to fold over and cover the stump did not fully unite. She said little about it, but one day, when she was at my place, I observed that she walked with an appearance

of pain. I asked if she had met with an accident, but she said, 'Oh, it's nothing.' Knowing her temperament, I forbore further questioning, but in a few days took occasion to walk over to Lien-chou, and while there made some inquiries of our good women at the hospital. 'Yes,' said one, nodding her head. 'I should think she couldn't walk well after cutting off so much skin from her leg to put on that boy's leg.' She was determined, at any cost, to make it a success. This was just like Dr. Chesnut. To have spoken further to her about it would have been to let her know that I knew that the flaps had not united. Silent appreciation of her sacrifice was best."

She did not shrink from being alone. She had written some years before of preferring it, but she felt the loneliness none the less, and the burden of responsibility was very heavy for her. In due time new missionaries came to take the place of several who had stayed on the field but a brief time, and older missionaries returned from furlough. The Board did its best to keep the force full. Meanwhile she went on unflinchingly with her work far away in the interior alone.

In 1900 the money was provided for a woman's hospital. She had begun the building in faith with $300 Mexican before she knew that the appropriation had been made by the Board.

The Boxer troubles in the north had sent foreigners in all parts of China down to the coast, but for months Dr. Chesnut declined to go. In August, however, the pressure from Canton became so great that she consented to go down, though she was without fear. In the spring, when the storm was over, she returned. The political conditions were full of perils, however, and the perils did not decrease, and little was needed to touch off a conflagration, as later events showed. The station had always kept free from political entanglements, and that was one great safeguard. But great care was necessary.

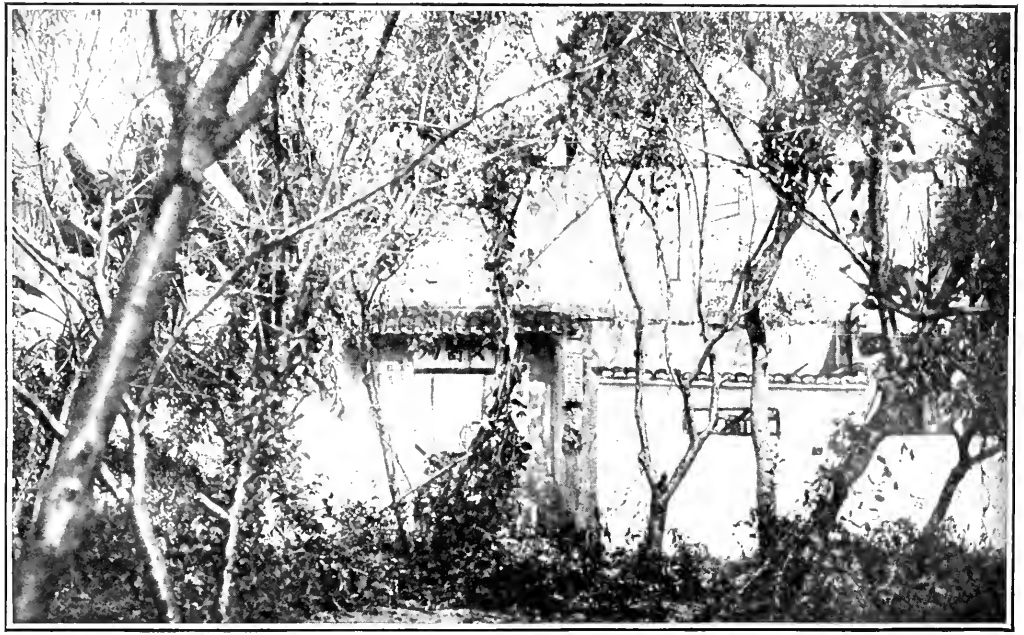
In the spring of 1902 she came home on furlough. She returned by way of Europe. Her time at home was spent visiting, doing postgraduate work in medicine, making missionary addresses, and raising over a thousand dollars gold to supplement a good sum raised on the field for a chapel at Lien-chou. She declined a proposal that came to her to go to Hu-nan to take charge of the woman's hospital medical work in that new mission. "I concluded," she wrote, "that it would be a mistake for me to leave Lien-chou. I am acquainted with the people there, their dialect, diseases, faults, virtues, and other points. Then I am so fond of them. I do not believe I could *ever* have *quite* the *same* feeling of affection for any other people. All my

early associations in missionary life are connected with them. Moreover, Lien-chou has been so unfortunate in the matter of losing its missionaries that I fear it would be very discouraging to those at the station. The work is increasing every year. Before I left in the spring there was work enough for twenty missionaries instead of five."

In the fall of 1903 she returned to Lien-chou. Her work was never conceived by her in a narrow sense, however, and her first letter to the Board after her return was a clear and convincing appeal for a building for the boys' boarding-school, from which they were obliged to turn away boys because the old house which was in use was too small. Her second letter was an expression of her hope that another doctor might be sent to take her place so that she could go to Ham-kuang, an important town on the river south of Lien-chou, near the abandoned mission station of Kang-hau.

But she did not go to Ham-kuang. Her next journey was to another city, the city "whose builder and maker is God," and the day of her departure was near. She had some intimation that trouble might be coming. The talk of the streets as she passed by was intelligible to her, and she knew that the general condition of the country was very inflammable.

The new missionaries whom she had been for



RUINS OF THE LIEN-CHOU HOSPITAL, CHINA

some time expecting, Mr. and Mrs. Peale and Dr. and Mrs. Machle, who had been at Canton at the mission meeting, arrived at the station on the evening of October 29th, 1905. It was near the close of the Chinese celebration of Ta Tsin, or All Souls' Day, which they were observing with the usual idolatrous ceremonies. A mat shed connected with the celebration had been erected on mission property. The same thing had been done the year before, and when Dr. Machle spoke about it to the elders of the village in which the mission property lay, they agreed that it was improper and would not be done again. When Dr. Machle went to the hospital on the morning of October 28th the shed had been erected on mission property again. He picked up accordingly three of six small cannon which were being fired off and carried them to the men's hospital, less than a hundred yards away. It was a customary Chinese way of indicating that he wished to confer with the elders. They came to see him accordingly and matters were arranged satisfactorily, and the cannon were returned. As the elders went away a mob came from the opposite direction, armed with a sword, a revolver, and sticks. The old man carrying the cannon came back and told the mob that everything was satisfactorily settled, but the rabble had already determined upon trouble, had indeed probably been waiting for an

opportunity for it, and attacked the hospital. Dr. Chesnut had come on the scene during the discussion, and on seeing the turn of affairs, instead of going into the hospital, hurried off, pursued by part of the mob, to report the matter to the Chinese authorities. She reached the police boat on the river and might have escaped in safety, but seeing the peril of the others, returned to Dr. Machle's residence, where all the other missionaries, save Dr. Machle, were assembled—Mrs. Machle, Miss Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Peale and Amy Machle, a little girl of eleven. The mob increased. The Chinese officials who came were unable to do anything to restrain them, and Dr. Machle joined the other missionaries and all fled by a back door. A ferryman refused to carry them across the river to Lienchou, and they started toward Sam-kong. The mob pursued them so closely, however, that they sought refuge in a Buddhist temple about a mile away, where they hid in a cave opening into the rocks back of the temple. Here all were caught except Dr. Machle and Miss Patterson, who were separated from the others and in deeper recesses of the cave. Mrs. Machle reasoned calmly with the mob until a blow from behind ended her life. The little girl was flung into the river and stabbed and drowned. Mr. and Mrs. Peale, less than forty-eight hours at the station, were slain together. Dr. Chesnut

was killed first. A Chinese eye-witness told of her death:

"I arrived at the temple shortly before noon, just in time to see the mob bringing Dr. Chesnut down the temple steps to the foot of a large tree, and she sat down on a mound at the side. Some young fellows then went up to her and hit her with a piece of wood. It was not a hard blow. Four ruffians then rushed upon her and dragged her from the tree, and getting behind her pushed her down the steep bank leading to the river and threw her into the water, where she lay as though asleep. Then one of the men jumped into the river and stabbed her with a trident three times—once in the neck, once in the breast, and once in the lower part of the abdomen. Other men jumped into the water. She was then to all appearance dead. About ten minutes afterward they brought the body ashore."

The last service she rendered the Chinese was under this tree, when she noticed a boy in the crowd who had an ugly gash in his head. Dr. Chesnut called him to her, tore off a portion of her dress and bound up the wound. It was her last patient. The lad came afterward to the missionaries and showed them the healed wound. Other Chinese boys felt the shame and disgrace of the massacre, and one of them wrote this letter:

"CANTON CHRISTIAN COLLEGE,
"CANTON, CHINA,
"November 20, 1905.

"To the Family and Relatives of Dr. Eleanor Chesnut:

"We are sadly shocked and deeply chagrined to hear of the hideous massacre at Lien-chou. It is indeed a surprise to us. After she and the other missionaries up there have done so much for the benefit of our people, instead of appreciating and feeling grateful for the many kindnesses received, they repaid them in such a cruel and brutal way. This is a shame to our people, a shame to our race! It is a sad and melancholy spectacle to see our people become so degraded and debased mentally; for there is no excuse whatever for their savagery and brutality. When we think of this our hearts break.

"We can imagine your distress and despair at the loss of your loved ones. Believe us, you have our warmest sympathy and prayers for God's blessing upon you all. Your loved one has but gone up to her eternal home to be with the Savior. She is at peace after a life of labor and toil, enjoying her reward. And who knows but that her 'faith unto death' influence may be more to the lives of the people at Lien-chou hereafter than it has ever been before?

"Accept our deepest sympathy and heartfelt apology.

"With the utmost respect we are very sincerely,
"STUDENTS OF CANTON CHRISTIAN COLLEGE."

It was clear, however, that her work was done, her life finished, and she was made ready for the higher service of the life everlasting. All the hardness of the early years was gone, and she was perfected in love at last. The peculiarity and desolation of her girlhood had been transformed into sympathy with all who were in need and complete and Christlike ministry to all suffering. "As a college girl," wrote one of her classmates, "she was somewhat odd and eccentric, but to those who really knew her she was generous, kind-hearted, genuine, and especially true to her friends. She was mentally one of the brightest

girls in the class of '88. As a medical student her eccentricities decreased and her life grew and unfolded until, when she went to China, she went thoroughly trained and fitted for a service of the finest quality. One little incident seems to me to give the key to her whole life as a missionary in China. She heard us talking in our home of a very unlovely old woman who was dependent on the church and who made herself so disagreeable that it was sometimes hard to find money for her support. In the evening she came to Dr. McAfee and said: 'I want to give you this money for that unlovely old woman whom nobody loves. My life is lived so much among unlovely and unlovable people that I have learned to have great sympathy and great love for them.' 'Not to be ministered unto, but to minister,' was the key-note of the life of her Master, and she, too, had learned not only to minister with no thought of return, but to love to do so, which is a far greater thing."

"The terrible news from China brought by our daily papers last week has indeed been sadly verified," wrote another. "It came with especial sadness to us, because of our opportunity two years ago to renew with Dr. Chesnut our friendship of college days in a week's visit she made us on her return journey to China. We shall always be thankful for that opportunity to know the strength and

beauty of her character as developed in those lonely years of devoted service in China. So unassuming and modest were the accounts she gave of her life there, that not till she had gone did we realize the self-sacrifice and heroism underlying those years. How lonely her first years in China were I suppose we at home can never know. But in them she grew sweet and strong and wonderfully sympathetic and Christlike. To know her was a call to higher living, to nobler serving. She has gone home, but who can doubt that her life will blossom and bear fruit in the lives of many of those Chinese women to whom in Christ's name she gave 'all she had'—no mean sacrifice?"

All this perfected character was not lost when Dr. Chesnut went. It was simply transferred to its own higher and nobler sphere. She had come thus to trust God. So also may we. On the day of her death a letter was received from her, in the Board rooms, in which she had quoted these lines:

"Being in doubt, I say,
Lord, make it plain!
Which is the true, safe way?
Which would be in vain?

"I am not wise to know,
Not sure of foot to go,
My blind eyes cannot see
What is so clear to thee;
Lord, make it clear to me.

"Being perplexed, I say,
Lord, make it right!
Night is as day to thee,
Darkness as light.

"I am afraid to touch
Things that involve so much;
My trembling hand may shake,
My skilless hand may break—
Thine can make no mistake."

MATTHEW TYSON YATES

So much work, and I can't do any of it. . . . God needs men. —*Matthew Tyson Yates*

Matthew S. Yates

VII

MATTHEW TYSON YATES

ABOUT seventy-five years ago a group of boys were playing about a great white oak tree near an "old-field school" in North Carolina. An "old-field school" in those days was a country school held in a schoolhouse usually situated in an old field. This group of boys had come out for recess and were having a lively game under the spreading limbs of an old tree. The boys were using the ends of its great limbs, which reached almost down to the ground, for bases. In the midst of the game one of them gave a challenge to get off base, and all the fifteen or twenty boys responded and ran out from ten to twenty feet from the tree. The sky was overcast, but there had been neither rain nor thunder. Just on the moment the boys were safely away from the tree, however, it was struck twice by lightning in two consecutive seconds and shivered into pieces. No one was killed, but the boys were hurled to the ground, and each boy had on his body for hours a

deep red spot as large as a dollar, caused by the electricity.

On one of the boys, then twelve years old, the incident so sudden and unexpected made a deep impression. He realized in a new way the power and presence of God, and felt that he must go off and pray. "The next morning," said he, "when I went into a dense forest to find a certain lot of pigs—the daily care of which had been committed to me—I sought and found, in a thick brush, a large oak that was much inclined toward the south, where I would be protected from the rain and snow in winter. There I erected my altar of prayer, and there, for years, I prayed, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' At night, I found a place of prayer nearer home, where I was able to pray unobserved."

This boy was Matthew Tyson Yates, the pioneer missionary of the Southern Baptist Convention, who was to spend forty-three years as a missionary in Shanghai, China. He was born on January 8, 1819. His father was a North Carolina farmer, who delighted in keeping an open home for preachers of all denominations. It was one of these preachers, Father Purefoy, who taught the boy the prayer he prayed in the woods. On one of his visits he put his hand on the boy's head, saying, "May the Lord make a preacher of him." "This blessing," said Dr. Yates years afterward, "made an impression upon

my young heart, for his manner was kind and his tone of voice serious."

In 1836, at the camp-meeting at Mount Pisgah Church, the boy openly confessed the Savior before men and was baptized. On his way home sore temptation befell him. The evil one told him that he had been very foolish and had spoiled his life. The lad turned aside to meet his adversary by prayer, throwing himself down by the side of a fallen tree. "When I had been praying I know not how long," he said, "I heard a great noise in the leaves on the other side of the fallen tree, like some one approaching me. It became so demonstrative that I raised myself to see what it was. And lo, there was a kingsnake, not more than two and a half feet long, in deadly conflict with a very large black serpent not less than six feet long. The noise was caused by the struggle of the blacksnake to prevent himself being doubled by his assailant into the form of a rude ball. The striped little kingsnake was entwined in and out of this ball, and in this position, by alternate contractions, he crushed the bones of his apparently more powerful enemy, and then extricated himself and crawled quietly away, leaving the blacksnake dead. I felt that it was good to be there; so I again resumed my supplication and thanksgiving, and then went on my way comforted and rejoicing, feeling that this incident taught me that the Lion

of the tribe of Judah, Jesus, was able to conquer even the old serpent himself. And in many a conflict since, I have evidence of his presence to protect, comfort, and direct me in the way I should go. That day and night I rested in Jesus. In meditating upon what I had done, and upon the incident of the day, and realizing that Jesus on the cross had vanquished Satan, I had great joy. Henceforth the burden of my prayer at the old oak tree and elsewhere was, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? Show me my duty, and grant me grace and courage to do it.' "

He made a beginning in Christian work by getting up a prayer-meeting with two other boys. The old people came and the three boys were so frightened that they made sorry work of the meeting, but it was a beginning from which Matthew did not turn back.

When he was nineteen he started off to the academy and college at Wake Forest, North Carolina. He had a conviction that he was not to be a farmer and asked his father to help him to an education. "He regretted extremely his inability to send all his children abroad to a good school," says Yates, "and said that for him to attempt to send me would be making an invidious distinction. I then told him that when I became a free man I intended to go to school if I had to make brick by moonlight to pay my way, and asked him

if he would allow me liberty to go to school on my own responsibility when I was nineteen, the age at which my oldest brother had married. To this he assented and promised to assist me some. With desire I looked forward to the next year, when I hoped, with the proceeds of my horse, saddle, and bridle, to commence preparation for new work. I felt that God had something for me to do in the world, and that my first duty was to prepare myself for it. As I was a full-grown man and had not the means to accomplish what I had set before me, the prospect seemed dark indeed. But I resolved that, with the blessing of God, I would *make* a way —that no obstacle that could be overcome by human effort should be regarded as insurmountable. This decision, made upon my knees, gave me courage and afforded some relief. Thenceforth the object which I had set before me was the center around which all my thoughts, prayers, plans, and hopes revolved."

He made his way, in part by teaching vocal music, for he had a remarkable voice; in part by commending himself to the Church as a man of promise well deserving its assistance, and in part, we may be sure, by prayer. In college as at home he had his secret place for meeting God. He prayed in his room fearlessly, but as other boarders shared his room he says, "I found it necessary to resort to the woods again for an altar of prayer."

At Wake Forest he decided quietly, after long debate of conscience, that it was his duty to become a minister, and this led on at once with him to the purpose to be a foreign missionary. Indeed, he had long thought of the work on the foreign field. As a boy he had read the memoirs of Mrs. Judson, and as he followed the plow or worked with his trowel he wept, he says, for hours at the thought of the world without Christ its Savior. His health hindered him for a time, but not long, as he had a powerful physique, and was resolutely determined that he must go. He wrote to the secretary of the Foreign Mission Board in Richmond, Virginia: "I have, with prayerful meditation, looked over the globe, and there is no field which seems to me so inviting as China. I am now resolved, and I hope that I have been guided by the Holy Spirit, that, let others say what they may about rushing into danger, I will go wheresoever God in his providence may direct me. Since coming to this irrevocable conclusion my feelings and affections seem to have winged their way to China. This enterprise has swallowed up every other."

On August 3, 1846, he was appointed, the first foreign missionary to go out from the State of North Carolina. He was married on September 27, and on April 26, 1847, he and Mrs. Yates sailed from Boston for Hongkong on a sailing vessel and

reached Shanghai, only four years before opened to foreigners, on September 12. He knew no one in the city. There was no foreign hotel or boarding-house. He had a letter to the Austrian consul, but his home was full of shipwrecked sailors. The consul sent him to Bishop Boone of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The bishop's house, too, was full, but Mr. and Mrs. Yates joyfully slept on the parlor floor. With the assistance of one of the bishop's missionaries a large pawnbroker's establishment, which the Chinese regarded as haunted and would not rent, was secured. "All the partitions above stairs," says Dr. Yates, "had been removed, leaving a large barn-like hall. Here were abundant signs of the spirits or ghosts of which we had been duly warned—rats. Into one side of this dirty place we moved ourselves, with sundry boxes and trunks containing our worldly goods. This was a time to hear words of complaint from a wife, if she had not counted the cost or fully made up her mind to share my fortune. But from that day to the present no such word has ever been known to pass her lips. All honor to a brave woman! I had come provided with a box of carpenter's tools. Bedstead, cooking-stove, crockery, and other articles were soon unpacked, so far as to provide for immediate necessities. And, with the boards and nails of packing-cases, my own hands

extemporized a partition higher than a man's head, and so made a private room."

A servant was secured, but he knew no English, and the new missionaries knew no Chinese. "However, we had learned one sentence of the spoken language: *Te-ko-kiaw-sa? ('What is this called?')* Thus supplied with a house, a cook, a ham, a few vegetables (we had also a few biscuits with us), and one sentence of the spoken language, we commenced life in Shanghai. Moreover, our combined knowledge of practical housekeeping soon demonstrated that we had imported an ignorance that was equivalent to paralysis. We could not give the cook directions about our first meal, nor could we cook a bowl of rice ourselves. A dilemma! But something had to be done. Hard work at opening cases and unpacking reminded us that it was dinner-time. The cook stood before us, grinning as he waited for orders. What should I do? I believed that I could fry a slice of ham and scramble a few eggs. So, armed with the one sentence, 'What is this called?' and Mrs. Yates with blank book and pencil for taking notes, down the ladder we crawled to the improvised kitchen, followed by the cook, who for the time was our teacher. I pointed at the cooking-stove, and said, *Te-ko-kiaw-sa?* (What is this called?) Answer, *Tih-tsaw.* 'Write that down.' Seizing a bit

of wood, I said, *Te-ko-kiaw-sa?* Answer, *Sza.* I struck a match, and pointing at the fire, said, *Te-ko-kiaw-sa?* Answer, *Who.* I made a fire in the stove: *Te-ko-kiaw-sa?* Answer, *Sang-who.* In like manner I took the carving-knife, the ham, cut the ham, took up a frying-pan, cleaned it, fried the ham, took some eggs, scrambled them, put them in a dish, asking about everything and every act, *Te-ko-kiaw-sa?* and Mrs. Yates writing down the answer.

"We then crawled up the ladder to our great hall, feeling that we had accomplished something. Taking a cloth, the lining of a box, to spread on a packing-case (for we had no table), I said, *Te-ko-kiaw-sa?* Answer, *Tsz-tare.* Then, placing on it all the furniture necessary for our simple repast, and asking the name of each article, I said, *Te-ko-kiaw-sa?* Answer, *Batay-tsz* (set the table). We partook of ham and eggs with relish, asking no questions till we had finished. Then I said, *Te-ko-kiaw-sa?* Answer, *Ch'uh-van* (eat rice).

"Thus we prepared and ate our first meal in our own hired house. The character of our conversation, while we ate, I leave you to imagine; for the way before us was dark.

"With the aid of an English-Chinese dictionary we were able to find the words for fish, fowl, mutton, also for some vegetables, and for *buy.* By pointing

to these words in the dictionary we managed in our orders to substitute one or other of these articles for *ham,* and so varied our diet a little."

So they began. With a teacher who knew nothing about instructing a foreigner how to talk they commenced the study of the language. How different it all is now. Yates said, years afterward: "A missionary arriving in Shanghai hereafter can never know the luxury of roughing it or of digging for the language. In most instances, a missionary friend will know about the hour he is to arrive and meet him at the steamboat wharf and conduct him to his comfortable home. If he is a stranger, three runners from good hotels will, as soon as the steamer is made fast, present their cards and offer their services: 'Carriage at the wharf, sir; go right up.' And when he is rested and ready to commence the study of the language, he will find in English and Chinese *First Lessons in Chinese,* grammars, and a great variety of books, including the Scriptures and many religious tracts in the Shanghai dialect, both in the Roman and Chinese characters. With these, and a will to fit himself for work, he ought to learn the spoken language in a much shorter time than we, who came earlier, were able to do."

Yates learned the language quickly and accurately. Trouble with his eyesight prevented the study from books which he would have liked to do, but it com-

pelled him to mingle with the people, where his quick ear enabled him to acquire a richness of vocabulary and an accuracy of tone which made him one of the best speakers of Chinese in Shanghai. If he spoke where he was unseen the Chinese could not tell that it was a foreigner.

There was great fear and dislike of foreigners at that time, and the people were prejudiced against the new teachers. But Mr. Yates soon had a large hall for preaching services, and here great companies assembled to hear the foreigner. When interruptions came, the missionary was a match for them. "I remember," says he, "preaching on one occasion to a full house when my skill was put to test. During my sermon I touched upon the teachings of Confucius. Thereupon a literary man rose to his feet, about the center of the church, and began to speak. In order to counteract the effect of the point I had made against his cherished system, he commenced repeating, from memory, portions of the Confucius classics in the book style. This could not be understood by any one who had not committed to memory those portions of the classics. When he took his seat, all eyes were turned upon me, for I had remained silent while he was talking. I felt that it was necessary for me to meet this unexpected sally, or that what I had gained would be lost. I had not been out of

college so long that I could not repeat some of the speeches which I had declaimed when a freshman. So I commenced, in English, with the familiar extract from Wirt's celebrated speech, 'Who is Blennerhassett?' After declaiming for a few minutes in the most approved style, I stopped and gazed at my man. All eyes were at once turned upon him, as much as to say, 'What have you to say to *that?*' After a moment's silence, he said, 'Who can understand foreign talk?' I replied, 'Who can understand *Wenli* (book-style)? If you have anything to say let us have it in the spoken language, so that all can understand and be profited.' 'Yes,' said many voices, 'speak so that we can all understand.' He then attempted an argument, but it happened to be a point on which I was well posted. At a single stroke of my sledge-hammer he succumbed before the whole audience."

As soon as possible Yates pressed out from Shanghai into the country. He was a great curiosity to the people who had never seen a foreigner. A large amount of this curiosity had to be gratified before he found it possible to get access to their minds. This was the first missionary work that had to be done, and is, even now, in a strange locality. It was only after giving a sort of exhibition of himself several times at a place that he had a chance to preach to an attentive audience. Even then it was

necessary to request two or three persons to keep barking dogs away. It is a depressing thought that it takes a long time, in a strange locality, for Chinese to hear what a foreigner is saying. They may understand each word that he utters, but, not apprehending what is the subject that he is talking about and their minds not being accustomed to thinking, they do not leave old ruts very easily.

This country work was soon interrupted, for from 1853 to 1856 Shanghai was beset by rebels. The T'ai-p'ing Rebellion was in progress, but the disturbance at Shanghai was purely local and not connected with the T'ai-p'ing insurrection. Yates' house was in the native city and in a position of danger. For sixteen months Mr. Yates occupied it alone, though shot often crashed through the windows or against the wall at the foot of his bed. At last the government purchased the house to use as a base of operation against the rebels, and he moved out.

When the rebellion was over his health became so much impaired that the doctor ordered him to leave for a year. The ship on which he and his family sailed was so nearly wrecked that they were picked up by a Siamese ship and taken back to Shanghai, whence, on November 17, 1857, they started again for New York City. On the voyage their supplies gave out and they were reduced to

dried apples. At last, after reaching a point within one hundred and fifty miles of New York, they were eleven days getting in because of hard winds and storms.

At home on furlough, some members of Mr. Yates' old church criticized him for being dressed too well. At length it was referred to openly in a meeting. Then "Mr. Yates arose with an almost heavenly smile on his countenance. He said that he did not dress extravagantly; that nearly everything that he wore at the time had been given to him by Brother Skinner and other brethren eleven years before, when he went to China. The effect was overwhelming. No one could be found who would confess that he had said anything about Mr. Yates' style of dress." He was always neat in his personal appearance, but also very careful and frugal, and he did not believe that home Christians should delegate all the self-denial to the missionaries.

Just after his return to China the Civil War broke out at home. He was then in the thick of the work in Shanghai. The war destroyed the ability of the South to maintain its missionaries, and Dr. Yates had to find some way of self-support. The municipal council of the foreign community and the United States consulate offered him work as an interpreter, and in this way he supported his family and also the mission until the end of the war. In this posi-

tion he won still further the honor and respect of the whole community. The work did not take much of his time and it left him free to go on with his preaching. In 1864 he visited Europe, where he won the lasting interest of all whom he met, and the following year returned to China, to which he henceforth always referred as "home." "It seems to be the will of the Lord that I should wear out here," he wrote. He began to feel now that he had at last learned the secret of the Chinese heart. About the methods of the work he had strong convictions, as he said at the Shanghai Missionary Conference in 1871:

"To secure an aggressive native church, there are some things which I regard as fundamental:

"1. A converted and evangelical membership. To admit any other element into our churches, even though they may be persons of wealth or influence as scholars, is to paralyze the whole church.

"2. They should be taught that when they embrace Christianity they become the disciples of Jesus Christ, and not the disciples of the missionary.

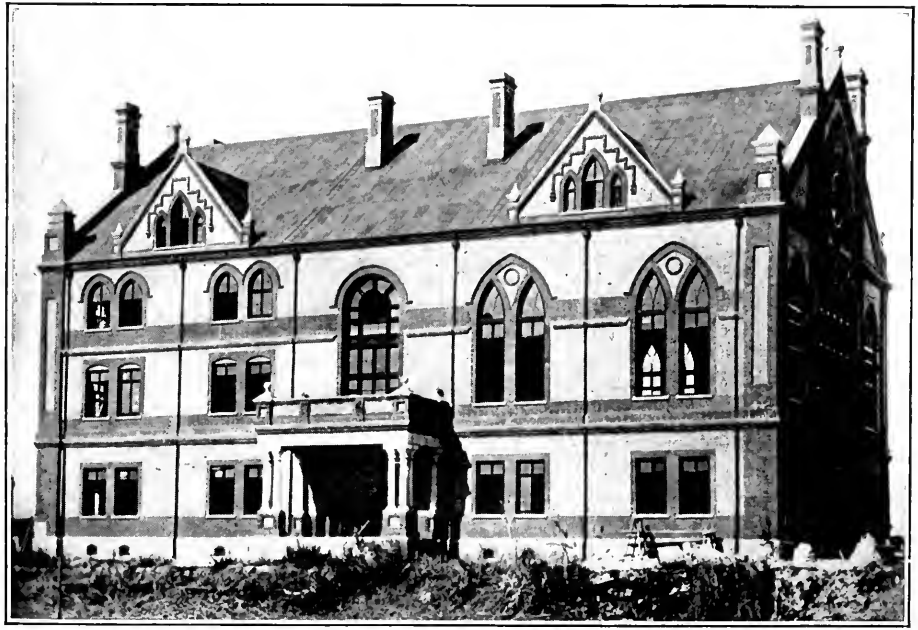
"3. As they become the disciples of Jesus they should become thoroughly acquainted with his teachings in the language in which they think and speak. They should be encouraged to commit to memory precious and practical portions of the New Testa-

ment in the spoken language of their particular locality.

"4. They should be taught the individuality of their religion, that they are personally responsible to God; that they can and ought to exert a personal influence in behalf of the religion which they profess.

"We need to take hold and show them how it should be done. This will be easy to do, for the Chinese are good imitators, and example is a good teacher. And at first, if they need a little aid, we should render it, for nothing is so encouraging as success. We should strive to avoid the depressing influence of failure. And let it be ever borne in mind that we need not expect our native preachers to be as aggressive as ourselves."

With characteristic large-mindedness and courage, Dr. Yates wrote, about thirty years ago: "I have surveyed and studied a line of attack for the Southern Baptists; that is, the line of the great River Yang-tzŭ to the Ssŭ-ch'uan Province in the west." Later on, with more detail, he gave the following outline of his plans and labors: "In due time, with Shanghai as a base of operations, I chose Su-chou, on the Grand Canal, and Chin-chiang, at the junction of the Grand Canal with the Yang-tzŭ River, as the great centers for a great work, when the men should be found to occupy them. These three cities, from a commercial point of view, domi-



YATES MEMORIAL HALL, SHANGHAI, CHINA

nate a population of more than twenty million souls. They are situated in the form of a right-angled triangle; the Grand Canal forming one side; an equally grand canal from Shanghai to Su-chou forming the other side; while the Yang-tzŭ River is the hypothenuse of the triangle. From Shanghai to Su-chou is eighty-five miles; from Su-chou to Chin-chiang is one hundred and twenty-seven miles; from Chin-chiang to Shanghai is one hundred and fifty-seven miles by the river."

From constant preaching, his voice failed him. He had overtaxed it, and for years to come his struggle was to recover its use. He came to America and visited Europe and went to great doctors, and at last he was able with care to resume the full activity in which he delighted. During these years he was for a time the American vice-consul-general in Shanghai, using the money he received to build chapels and advance the work, but when offered the position of consul-general he refused and resigned at the same time the office of vice-consul. "I could not accept it," he said, "without giving up my missionary work—my life-work. No office, no gift of the government, could induce me to do that while I am able to preach and translate. I resigned, therefore, the honors and the emolument."

Dr. Yates had met all difficulties triumphantly so

far, and had turned them to good. His failure of eyesight led him to become a master of the common speech of the people. The failure of his voice led him to throw burdens on the native Church which strengthened it. The war cut off supplies from home, and he earned more upon the field than he had been receiving and applied it to the work. And now he began to suffer from an affliction for which he had nine surgical operations, so he turned to Bible translation, and the result was the translation of the New Testament into the spoken language of many millions. Only his robust physique enabled him to stand all this strain. He had always taken care of his health. As he wrote to a missionary candidate: "The first qualification of a foreign missionary is to be a good animal. You may be furnished with a first-class instrument, but without physical strength to wield it, it would be of little service to you. Therefore, guard your health with sedulous care as to the Lord. Live well and take regular exercise. Play lawn tennis, notwithstanding what the drones may say about such sports for a candidate for the foreign mission field. We are not bound to observe the austerity of life that a superstitious public is too ready to prescribe. The Scriptures prescribe no such austerity. Exercise in the open air is necessary to secure health of body and mind and to preserve youthful spirits. From the

time I entered college until I graduated, I was in the habit of running two miles every morning at four o'clock. Even now, I walk my two miles a day. I am in splendid health, for which I am profoundly thankful."

Calls came to him from America to return to positions of influence here, but he would not listen. "I could not come down," he wrote, "from the position of an ambassador for Christ to an empire, to become president of a college or to accept any other position in the gift of the people of the United States." He drove straight on in his own work and sought to hearten others who were discouraged. "A few days ago," he wrote at the age of sixty-seven, "I wrote to Mr. Devault, who is ill at Tung-chou, urging him to maintain, in addition to strong convictions in regard to his work, an indomitable will to do what Christ had commanded him to do, and then leave the whole matter of health in the Lord's hands. I gave him a prescription from my own experience. During my first years in China, I was so run down by ague and fever that I thought that my work was finished. I came before the Lord in this wise: 'O Lord, if it be thy will that my work end now, thy will be done. If it is thy will that my strength be restored to work for thee in this land of darkness, behold thy servant for all time.' The decades that have passed show that the Lord was

only harnessing me up for a forty-year trot at the rate of 2.20. There is life and protection in strong convictions, indomitable will, and faith in God. This life, this protection against temptation and spiritual deadness, is available to all Christians in every condition of life."

But the strong life could not last forever, and at the age of sixty-nine he died at Chin-chiang, where he had gone to build a new chapel. "So much work," he said as he lay sick with his last illness, "and I can't do any of it." "God can have it done," said an associate. "But God needs men," was his answer. After forty-one years in Shanghai God met him and took him. "I am ready to go," he was able to say before the end, "if God wants me. I should like to live and work longer, but I am ready." So he passed forward, his little church in Shanghai mourning for him. "We have lost our good shepherd," they said, "and the flock is bleating."

ISABELLA THOBURN

The power of educated womanhood is simply the power of skilled service. We are not in the world to be ministered unto, but to minister. The world is full of need, and every opportunity to help is a duty.

—*Isabella Thoburn*

Isabella Thoburn

VIII

ISABELLA THOBURN

FORTY years ago a missionary was traveling and preaching among the villages in Rohilkhand, India. One day, when his tent was pitched in a mango orchard, he went out for a walk in the shade of the trees. In the broken tops of one of the trees a vulture had built her nest, and passing near the place the missionary picked up a quill which had fallen from her wing. Taking out his penknife he cut the quill into a pen, and as it looked like a good pen, although it was very big, he went into his tent to see if he could write with it. He found that it would write very well, and he thought it would interest his sister, far away in America, if he wrote to her with his strange pen. So he wrote with the vulture's quill a description of the work he was doing in the villages, and told her of the great need of a boarding-school at some central place where the girls from the villages could come and be trained for future usefulness, and then be sent back to carry light to their darkened homes.

The big pen asked, at the close of the letter, and the question was almost thoughtless, "How would you like to come and take charge of such a school?" By the first steamer which could bring a reply the sister's answer came, that she would leave for India just as soon as the way was opened for her to do so.

That was the way the call came to Isabella Thoburn. But she would not have heard it if she had not been ready for it. Many things had been making her ready. God had given her the right ancestry. Her Scotch-Irish parents had come to America from Belfast in 1825, fifteen years before Isabella was born, and settled near St. Clairsville, Ohio, where the five sisters and five brothers spent a happy childhood. Her father died when she was ten years old, but not before his great strength of character, his fear of God, and his courageous devotion to the right had made a deep impression on the child. Her mother was "a woman of clear convictions, prompt decision, and extraordinary courage. One day, when alone with one of her daughters, a maniac rushed into the room, brandishing an ax in a state of great excitement. The daughter was almost paralyzed with terror, but the mother spoke kindly to him, continued at her work, and in a minute or two asked him to let her take his ax, which he at once gave up, and very soon he became docile as a child. Her moral courage was not less marked than her physical,

and her general character was that of a strong but tender and sympathetic woman." In all this Isabella reproduced her mother, and when, years later, she laid aside her work and nursed a smallpox patient in Lucknow she justified herself by appealing to her mother's example, who night after night had cared for a poor neighbor sick with the same disease, without one thought of fear for herself or her children. It was a sincere and consecrated home in which the child grew up. When the farm was at last paid for, the father brought home the last note and two gold eagles. One of these "he tossed into the mother's lap and said: 'That is for a new winter cloak for you; let us give the other as a thank-offering at the missionary collection.' The mother handed back the coin and said: 'Let us give both as a thank-offering; *I will turn my old cloak.*' "

Isabella was sent to the district school, about a mile from her home, when she was quite young, but she did not take a special interest in her work. In later years she said that she had not really awakened intellectually until she was sixteen years of age. When she was ten she narrowly escaped death from a savage attack of a big dog, which a grown-up brother beat off with a spade, but not before it had fearfully lacerated her arm. At fifteen she entered the Wheeling Female Seminary, West Virginia. She often lamented later the time she had wasted,

as she thought, in these years on music, for which she had no taste. After leaving the seminary she taught a summer school and met with success from the beginning. Dissatisfied with her preparation, she returned to the Wheeling seminary, added a year of art-study in the Cincinnati Academy of Design, and then returned to teaching. In March, 1859, her brother, who wrote her the letter with the vulture's quill in 1866, and who afterward became Bishop Thoburn, went to India as a missionary.

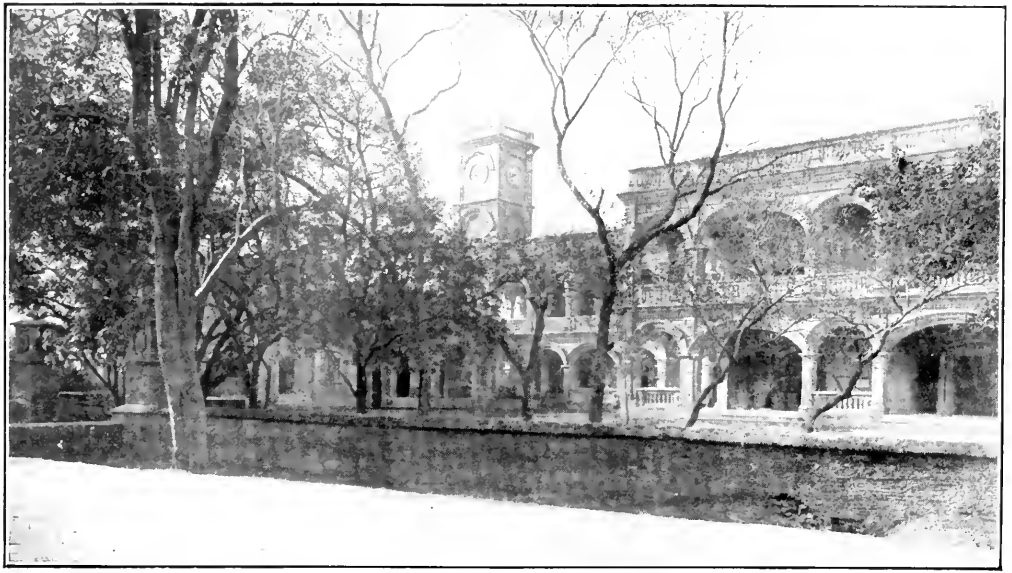
The seven years after her brother's going, before his letter to her from Rohilkhand, were spent in teaching, in caring for her invalid and widowed sister-in-law and her three little boys, and in a general preparation for the great work before her, of which as yet she did not know. In 1869, however, the official call came, and the way, for which in 1866 she wrote that she must wait, was opened. She and Miss Clara A. Swain, M.D., were appointed the first missionaries of the newly established Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. They sailed from New York in the fall of 1869 in the steamer *Nevada* and arrived in Bombay January 7, 1870. They were just in time for the annual conference of the Methodist missionaries. Miss Swain was assigned to Bareilly to begin the first medical missionary work for women by women in India, and Miss Tho-

burn was stationed at Lucknow, which was to be her home and the seat of her greatest work. She saw at once the bright side of the new conditions of life, and she never wrote and seldom spoke of the discomforts or "trials" of missionary work in India.

She set herself at once, in her quiet, direct, positive way, to build up her girls' school for the training especially of Christian girls to make them capable of helping and teaching others. The converts were few and most of them poor. Some people doubted whether the time had come for Miss Thoburn's scheme, but she resolutely began with six girls on the morning of April 18, 1870. Two of the six were Eurasians—half European, half Asiatic—for the great revival due to William Taylor's visit to India greatly enlarged the field of work among this class. Very soon Miss Thoburn bought one of the best properties in the city, which had been occupied by an opponent of her plans, and had in this place, known as Lal Bagh, or Ruby Garden, an ample home and place for her work for all her life in India. Six years later she started another school for English girls at Cawnpur, forty-five miles to the west of Lucknow, and for some time she managed both schools, going to and fro by night.

After ten years of solid and faithful work, Miss Thoburn came home on furlough. She had always shrunk from speaking in public, but in Peabody,

Kansas, she was invited to speak in a Presbyterian church. "In her earlier years," writes Bishop Thoburn, "she had never known or heard of such a thing as a woman speaking in a Presbyterian church, and now she was confronted by a request, which would brook no denial, to deliver an address in an orthodox church of that denomination. She could not refuse, and yet would not consent; but finally, by way of compromise, she proposed to take a seat in front and answer any questions which might be asked. 'I cannot give an address,' she said, 'but I am willing to give information by answering questions, and in this way I can find out exactly what you wish to know.' This plan was followed, with the result which might have been anticipated. Question followed question; the replies became somewhat lengthy, and before very long it seemed necessary for the speaker to rise from her chair in order to be better heard in all parts of the church. Thus it came to pass that she found herself, almost before she realized it, standing in a Presbyterian church and delivering an address to an audience on Sunday afternoon. Before the meeting closed she realized what had happened. She had crossed her Rubicon, and any one who knew her would have known that she had crossed never to return. She accepted the new responsibility cheerfully, and said to her new friends: 'If there is anything wrong about this,



ISABELLA THOBURN COLLEGE, LUCKNOW, INDIA

you must bear me witness that the Presbyterians are responsible for it.'" She was soon in demand everywhere, and ever afterward was one of the most acceptable and effective of missionary speakers. She was never pretentious nor excited, but always earnest, calmly intense, and so direct and practical that no one heard her without feeling the power of her personality. She made notable addresses at great missionary conferences in India, and at the Ecumenical Missionary Conference in New York in 1900, and those who heard her speak will never forget her quiet but overpowering presentation of the needs of the women of India.

On returning to India, in 1882, she began to develop her school into a college, and did not rest until it became the highest-grade institution for Christian women in India. "In America," she said in one of her appeals, "we realize the importance of placing people in colleges which are under direct Christian influence. Much more is it important in a heathen land, where new thought awakened under secular instruction runs toward infidelity; where the doubts and speculations of all the ages are alive and at war with faith; where blind belief in the false makes the truth a stumbling-block; and where women who are being set free from the restraints of old customs must be surrounded by restraints of principle, or their cause is lost, and with it the hope of

regeneration for their people. The need of India to-day is a leadership from among her own people; leadership, not of impulsive enthusiasm, or of prejudice, but of matured judgment and conscientious conviction. Part of our work as missionaries is to educate and train the character that can lead, and it is to accomplish this that we formed our first woman's college in the Eastern world. There are over one hundred colleges in India for young men, but only one for young women, and that not Christian. Think what efforts we would make if there were only one college for women in America, and, in some measure, let us recognize the universal sisterhood, and make like efforts for the women of India."

Before her plans were all carried out, failing health sent her home again in 1886. On the way home she read *The Life of Robert and Mary Moffat,* the great missionaries in South Africa whose daughter married David Livingstone. She wrote of it: "In the light of their zeal and unfailing devotion, of their sacrifices—which were worthy the name indeed, though they did not call them so—of their faith in the face of difficulties we never dream of, our poor work seems scarcely worthy of mention, not worthy to be compared to theirs. The book is a simple record of real life, but it is a sacred romance, though the principal actors never dreamed that they were uncommon people or the heroes we see

them to be. As we close the record it is with an intense longing for the true martyr spirit, that can, not only give life for a cause or a truth, but can do more, can give living service; nor counting anything dear, but consecrating all and maintaining the consecration with unfaltering heroism, an intense longing begins to be felt for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the Church, by which her sons and daughters will be anointed with power, with true heroism, and sent abroad over all the dark places of the earth. We count the missionaries we have sent out, the dollars we have given, the schools we have opened, and then congratulate ourselves that we have done well; but, dear sisters, in the great day, the 'well done,' spoken to women like Mary Moffat, will put to shame our easy service and show us what might have been accomplished if we had 'done what we could.' "

In this spirit she threw herself into work at home so long as she was kept there. She became house mother of the New Deaconess Home in Chicago, then organized similar work in Cincinnati, and began it in Boston, always showing forth everywhere the spirit of service, which she believed was the fundamental thing in Christianity, and which she urged upon all young women as the great ideal of life. "The call comes to-day," she said, "and would that all who sit at ease, and yet long for the

heart's rest they have not; all who spend upon themselves their thought and strength; all who build like the insect their own houses of clay in which they can only perish—would that all these knew the blessedness of service to every creature for whom Christ died, whether in African deserts or islands of the sea! So many seek places where others crowd in before them, while there is room for all, far out and far down, and there need be no Christian woman in all this happy land who cannot find a place in which to serve our common Master with a glad and willing heart."

In 1890 she returned to India and was reappointed principal of the Woman's College at Lucknow. She took hold again with her wonted wisdom and energy. "One of the first things she did was to give up her own cool and quiet room for the noisy quarters of the matron in the center of the boarding-house," says a former pupil who was there at the time, "while the matron was allowed to occupy a room at one end of the same building, and to continue her work as usual. We can now understand that this was done to check a certain laxity in the management of the girls, without offending any of the parties, which is often the case in other schools when a reform is undertaken by a new lady principal.

"When Miss Thoburn rang the rising-bell with her own hands, the girls did not find it hard to

rise early; when she made her own bed and dusted the things in her room, the girls felt that their special duty was even to sweep their rooms and keep them neat and tidy; when she wrote her business letters, it was the most natural thing for everybody to be quiet, and also during the rest-hour, and so on. The matron, too, received much help. The storeroom was kept in good order, and the meals of the girls were properly attended to, because she went into the kitchen at least once a day and peeped into the storeroom every now and then; the sweepers were well watched, because she went around the whole place to see if it was clean; the sick girls were nursed with much care and patience, because she had the worst cases in her own room, and sat up nights with them—and so on through the whole routine of duty. And even when she went back to her own room in the main building after several months, she still kept most of the work under her own personal supervision. In the school building, too, there was much skill in the methods of teaching and keeping discipline, because Miss Thoburn herself taught the most difficult subjects, and also some of the least promising classes. All this was done with a quiet dignity which inspired both love and awe in all around her, and grown-up people were struck with the wisdom which guided her to do all things without offending." Miss

Thoburn was not the kind to talk and expect others to do. She led others to do by herself doing.

Her supreme qualities were her unboastful but all-dominating love and her plain, firm sense of duty. "Every missionary candidate should learn *by heart,* in the deepest sense," she wrote to young women looking forward to the mission field, "that golden thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians." She liked the deaconess work because it led women into simple, faithful duty-doing in Christ's service. "Before I left India in 1886," she wrote, "I had become convinced of two things that we have since thought important factors in our deaconess system: first, that while there is so much to be done in the world it is impossible to accomplish it all, or the large part of it, by salaried work; and, next, that life is not long enough, nor money plentiful enough, to spend much of either on the clothes we wear." Her absolute unselfishness and sincerity combined with her tireless energy and great practical wisdom to make her a master missionary.

The equipment and development of the college laid heavy burdens on her, and her last visit home, in 1900, was to raise money for the immediate needs of the institution. She and Miss Lilavati Singh, one of her pupils, met with complete success on this errand. The object-lesson of her work in India seen in Miss Singh was itself the most convincing of

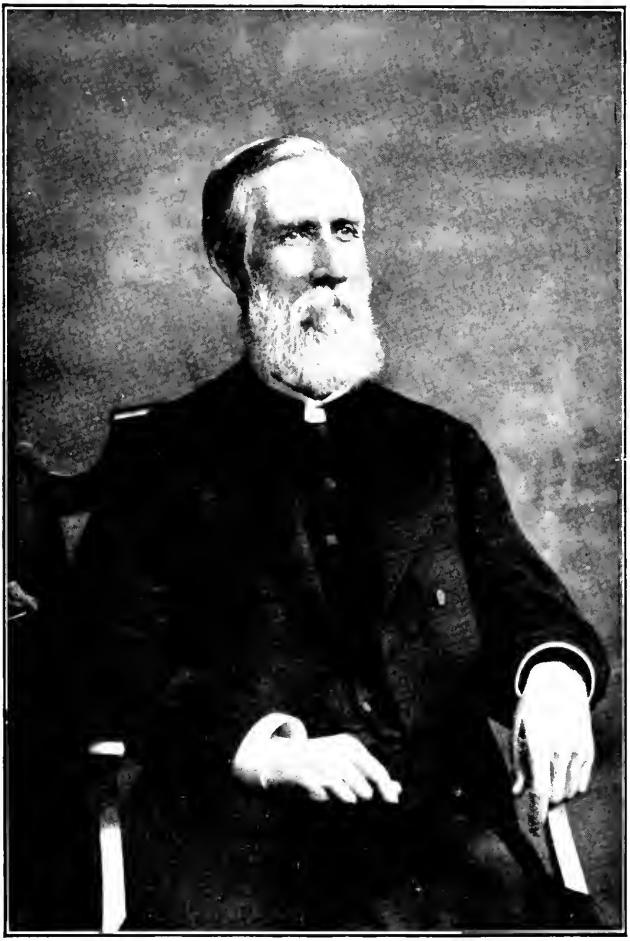
arguments. It was at a dinner in New York at the time of the Ecumenical Conference, after Miss Singh had spoken, that ex-President Harrison rose, with tears on his cheeks, and said: "If I had ever had a million dollars and had spent it all on foreign missions and this young woman were the only result, I should feel amply repaid for my investment." And the crowning evidence of the reality of Miss Thoburn's work was found in the fact that all the praise Miss Singh received did not in the least spoil her or turn her head.

Together they went back to India, in May, 1900. On the way Miss Thoburn began to feel that her work was done, and the feeling deepened after she reached India. In a little more than two months the end, which she knew was near, came, and she died of cholera in Lucknow on September 1st. The life here was done, but it had achieved its victory. "Here was a rich and powerful government," said a missionary of another denomination, "anxious to promote the cause of female education, on the one hand, and a Christian woman without money, prestige, or other resources, on the other. Both had the same object in view and both were in the same field, but the lone missionary worker succeeded, while the powerful government met with comparative failure. The whole case is simply a marvel. It is a picture worthy of the most serious study." What was the

secret? Miss Singh found it in one of Miss Thoburn's favorite Bible verses: "That in all things he might have the preeminence." "I am a poor creature," Miss Thoburn wrote, "yet no matter; for *in Christ* I can work, and if I were strong and wise I could do nothing without him." Whoever has learned that lesson has gained the secret of strength and wisdom. Have we learned it?

JAMES ROBERTSON

God has given us an opportunity which we dare not neglect.
—*James Robertson*



J. Robertson

IX

JAMES ROBERTSON

"SHE was a little woman," said one of Christina Robertson's daughters. "There was nothing that any woman could do that she could not do, and when it was done it needed no second doing." James Robertson was his mother's own son. He was born on April 24, 1839, in the little village of Dull in the valley of the Tay in Scotland. He was an even-tempered boy and self-controlled, but, as his schoolmaster said, he was a "terrible fighter when fighting had to be done." Whatever he once took a grip of he never let go. When he was sixteen a problem in arithmetic that had given some trouble in the college at Edinburgh was sent down to the master at Dull. "If any of them can solve it," said he, "it will be Robertson." So to Robertson he gave it, and the lad "took it home and fell upon it." When his father was going to bed that night he said to his boy, "Are you not comin' to your bed, lad?" "Yes, after a while," replied the boy, hardly looking up from his slate. But when next morning the

father came in to light the fire, James rose from the spot where he had been left sitting the night before, with the solution of the problem in his hands.

The family was very poor, and all that he had James Robertson's father lost in the terrible storm which buried Tayside under snow in 1854 and ruined many a small sheep farmer. The times that followed were so hard that the family decided to leave Scotland and try their fortune in Canada. In 1855 they sailed on the *George Roger* and settled in East Oxford, Ontario. That part of Ontario was then forest wilderness, and the family spent their first summer in enlarging the clearing on their farm. The following winter James and his brother chopped cord-wood and hauled it to the neighboring village of Woodstock, and the next summer worked again on the farm, but for a few weeks he walked night and morning a distance of six miles to attend school at Woodstock. He tried at once for a teacher's certificate, which he secured, and got a country school at the age of eighteen. There was much whisky-drinking in those days and James became a firm and zealous advocate of total abstinence. He was an earnest Christian boy, also walking to and from Woodstock twice each Sunday in order to be present at both morning and evening services and he connected himself with the Chalmers Church in Woodstock.

From the country school where he first taught, Robertson went in 1859 to a larger school near Innerkip. He is still remembered by those who were his pupils there. "He was afraid of nothing," writes one of them, "man, beast, or devil. There was a fractious colt on the farm where he boarded which none of us dared to handle. Robertson mastered him and rendered him tractable." "What seemed to others impossible," said another, "that was the thing that had a peculiar charm for him." Here at Innerkip he met the young woman whom he married. The task of winning her was not easy, but that made it only the more uplifting to him and he prevailed. It was twelve long years, however, before they could be married. For three years he taught the Innerkip school and then went off to the University of Toronto. His clothes were not of the latest fashion and he was a sober student, but no one could help respecting him. As one student said of him, "Though he wore his trousers at high-water mark, and though his hats were wonderful to behold and his manners abrupt and uncouth, still 'Jeemsie,' as he was dubbed by the irreverent, commanded the respect of the giddiest of the lot for his fine heart and for his power of pungent speech, for he would fire words at you like a cannon-ball. And for the ridicule of the boys, Jeemsie cared not a tinker's curse." He joined the University Corps of

the Queen's Own Rifles and saw some fighting when a fellow student was shot down beside him in the Fenian Raid of 1866.

After his university course he went to Princeton Theological Seminary, the opportunities at that time in the States being better than in Canada. After two years at Princeton he went to New York to Union Seminary to finish his course and then took charge of a downtown mission, where he made so great a success that the committee and Dr. John Hall tried to persuade him to stay and work in New York, but his duty, as he saw it, led him back to his own adopted country. After being married, September 23, 1869, he settled for five years in Norwich, Ontario. He was a fine, strong preacher and pastor, and what was more, a fine, strong man. It is related how on a Sabbath evening, after he had begun his service, the fire-bell rang. At once Mr. Robertson dismissed the congregation, for fire protection there was none, unless such as could be provided by the bucket-brigade. It was discovered that a neighboring hotel was on fire. Immediately the minister took command of the situation, organized the crowd, and by dint of the most strenuous exertions had the fire suppressed. In gratitude for his services, and in sympathy with his exhausted condition, the hotel-keeper brought him a bottle of brandy with which to refresh himself. "Never will

I forget," writes another member of his congregation, "the manner in which he seized that brandy bottle by the neck, swung it around his head, and dashed it against the brick wall, exclaiming as he did so, 'That's a fire that can never be put out.' "

Far to the west a great new country had been opening up. At first it was thought to be a waste land, but in 1870 the troops returning from the suppression of the Northwest rebellion, under Louis Riel, a half-breed Indian, "the officers who commanded, the politicians and shrewd business men who followed in their wake, all came back enthusiastic immigration agents." Then began the tidal waves of immigration which flooded this great Western country with men hungry for land. And the churches came in after them.

They did not come as fast as they should have come, however, and at the close of the year 1873 Robertson responded to an appeal to go out to preach in the new Knox Church in Winnipeg, the raw but growing capital of the province of Manitoba. It was a long, rough winter journey. There was no transcontinental railroad in Canada and Robertson went out by way of Detroit, Chicago, and St. Paul. From Breckenridge, the end of the railway from St. Paul, it took four days to get through to Winnipeg. There he found a long, straggling street of shacks and stores, huddled on the bleak prairie around the big

stone fort of the Hudson Bay Company and a great country soon to be filled with men, and also a divided church. He settled down to his task, and the six months lengthened out to cover the rest of his life. The church called him to stay, and he sent for his family and stayed.

In the new land with its fierce winters he had a full experience. "Once during the winter of 1877 he went to Stony Mountain to perform a marriage ceremony. On his return a storm came up with startling suddenness. The sun was shining brightly and there was no appearance of a storm, when Mr. Robertson noticed a great white cloud like snow rolling along near the ground, while the sky still remained clear. In another instant the storm was upon him, a blizzard so blinding that the horse stopped, turned round, and left the trail. With a great deal of difficulty he got the horse back to the road, unhitched it from the cutter, took off the harness and let it go, then set off himself to fight his way through the storm. A short distance from Kildonan he overtook a man hauling a load of wood who had lost his way, and who was almost insensible from cold and fatigue. He turned the horses loose and took the man with him to a house in Kildonan. After half an hour's rest he set off again for Winnipeg, for he had left his wife sick in bed and well knew she would be in terror for him. So once more

he faced the blizzard, and after two hours' struggle he reached his home."

In 1881 he left the pastorate to accept the newly created post of superintendent of home missions for Manitoba and the Northwest. He set off at once on his first missionary tour, driving two thousand miles, at first through heat and dust and rain and then through frosts and blizzards. He preached where he could, and was not to be discouraged by any situation. Once coming to a settlement late on a Saturday evening where the largest building was the hotel and the largest room the bar, he inquired of the hotel man:

"Is there any place where I can hold a service to-morrow?"

"Service?"

"Yes, a preaching service."

"Preaching? Oh, yes, I'll get you one," he replied with genial heartiness.

Next day Mr. Robertson came into the bar, which was crowded with men.

"Well, have you found a room for my service?" he inquired of his genial host.

"Here you are, boss, right here. Get in behind that bar and here's your crowd. Give it to 'em. God knows they need it."

Mr. Robertson caught the wink intended for the boys only. Behind the bar were bottles and kegs

and other implements of the trade; before it men standing up for their drinks, chaffing, laughing, swearing. The atmosphere could hardly be called congenial, but the missionary was "onto his job," as the boys afterwards admiringly said. He gave out a hymn. Some of the men took off their hats and joined in the singing, one or two whistling an accompaniment. As he was getting into his sermon one of the men, evidently the smart one of the company, broke in:

"Say, boss," he drawled, "I like yer nerve, but I don't believe yer talk."

"All right," replied Mr. Robertson, "give me a chance. When I get through you can ask any questions you like. If I can I will answer them, if I can't I'll do my best."

The reply appealed to the sense of fair play in the crowd. They speedily shut up their companion and told the missionary to "fire ahead," which he did, and to such good purpose that when he had finished there was no one ready to gibe or question. After the service was closed, however, one of them observed earnestly:

"I believe every word you said, sir. I haven't heard anything like that since I was a kid, from my Sunday-school teacher. I guess I gave her a pretty hard time. But look here, can't you send us a mis-

sionary for ourselves? We'll chip in, won't we, boys?"

One of his first concerns was to raise a Church and Manse Building Fund. So well did he work at persuading money out of even the most unsympathetic that, when he laid down the work twenty years later, the fund had assisted in the erection of 419 churches, 90 manses, and 4 schoolhouses, and had put the Church in possession of property valued at $603,835.

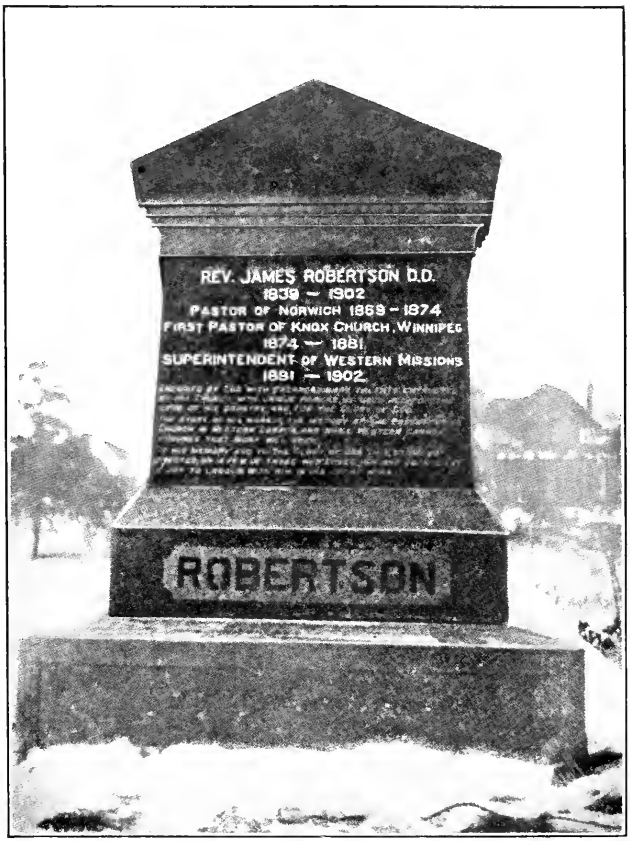
The railroad had crossed the Red River and entered Winnipeg in 1881, and thence had pressed steadily westward. The inflowing tide of immigration had taken up the land along the road and then pressed outward into the country on either side. The people along the road were easily accessible, but Robertson was not content to reach these alone. He was after all, and he went everywhere looking for them. And he took what experience came in the way of his duty. Of one night, typical of many, a companion wrote:

"That night was spent in 'a stopping-place,' and Dr. Robertson and I roomed together in a small bedroom off the sitting-room. We roomed together, but we slept not, neither did we lie down to rest. A hurried inspection revealed the fact that the bed was preempted by the living pest which a man shakes not off, as in the morning he crawls from

under the bedclothing. We determined to keep the fire in the sitting-room going, and so maintain a degree of comfort during the winter night. But some parties, by making a bed beside the sitting-room stove, spoiled our plan and imprisoned us in our room for the night. We walked the floor, we jumped, and, if not very artistically, at least with some vigor, we danced, that the temperature of the body might be maintained at a considerably higher degree than the temperature of the room. The night passed, and so did the breakfast hour, and we started on our twelve-mile drive."

"To-night," he wrote himself of another stopping-place, "we are to lodge in a place 7x12 feet, partitioned off from the stable. A lot of hay covers the floor, a rusty stove is standing in the corner, which, with a rickety table, constitute the furniture. We found a lantern which will answer for a light. The side is quite airy, the boards having shrunk a good deal. But I have a good tuque, or nightcap, and I hope to keep warm enough. I have two buffalo-robes, two pairs of blankets, and other appliances that will likely keep me comfortable. Three teams besides our own drove in here just now, and are going to remain all night. I think the room will afford sufficient accommodation to enable us to lie down. To-morrow we expect to make Humboldt at six."

In the first five years he established on the



JAMES ROBERTSON'S GRAVE IN THE KILDONAN CHURCHYARD, MANITOBA

average one preaching station a week. His first report showed a communicant roll of 1,355 for all the West; the report for 1887 showed 5,623. When he came to his field the Presbytery of Manitoba had knowledge of only 971 families. In a single year he discovered 1,000 more and placed these formerly unknown and isolated families in church homes, and during the five years he discovered and set in Church relation over 3,000 Presbyterian families. When he took into his hands the reins of superintendency, he found in all the West some fifteen churches. Before five years were over there were nearly 100. In attaining these results, he wanted men who would work and not whine.

"I remember him telling me," a minister relates, "of a student whose zeal was less than his indolence. He was in charge of a mission somewhere near Regina, and lived in rooms which were attached to the church. Dr. Robertson drove over one morning, knowing that he was due to preach in an outlying station ten miles away at eleven o'clock.

"I knocked at the outer door at ten o'clock, sir, and when I got no answer I concluded that he had started on his journey. However, I opened the door and walked in. I went upstairs and rapped on the door of his bedroom. I heard a sleepy voice say, 'Come in,' and I opened the door and found him yet

in bed. He preached that morning without his breakfast, sir."

"Talking with a whining student one day," says another, "who was relating what he considered hardships in the way of uncomfortable beds in which there were crawling things, and irregular meals not always prepared in the most tasty form, the superintendent began very sympathetically telling some of his own experiences. Sleeping one night in a dugout, wrapped in his blanket on the clay floor, which was several feet below the surface of the ground, he felt cold, clammy things on his back and face. He would brush them off and turn over, and by the time he was getting off to sleep again there would be another visitation, and so he kept brushing them away the whole night.

" 'And what were these things?' asked the wondering student.

"Well, you see the floor was two feet below the ground. The ground was worn away several inches lower than the door, and the lizards would fall over the edge of the cutting and crawl under the door, and during the night creep over the floor. And these lizards were enjoying a warm nest on my neck and face.

"The poor student stood horrified. The superintendent enthused for a few moments on lice and lizards and snakes, as though encounters therewith

were as valuable as theology in a true missionary's education, and the complaining dude subsided. His hardships vanished into thin air."

He knew how to handle the rough elements in the new far Western country. After a meeting in Rossland, a British Columbia mining town then at the height of its boom, one rough fellow exclaimed of him: "Say, ain't he a corker?" and then solemnly, after due thought, "He's a Jim Dandy corker."

While he was making his first trip through Alberta and was soliciting subscriptions for the erection of a church in connection with one of his mission stations, he came upon a young Scotchman who rejected his appeal, asserting with an oath that he had never known a professing Christian "who wasn't a blank hypocrite, anyway."

"Well," said the superintendent, "I am sorry, sir, that you had such a poor mother."

"What do you mean, sir?" was the angry retort. "What do you know of my mother?"

"Was she a professing Christian?"

"She was."

"And was she a good woman?"

"She was that, but," feeling his equivocal position, "there are not many like her."

"We want to make Christians like your mother in

this country, and that is why we are building this church."

Before the interview was over he had added another name to his subscription list.

At Fort McLeod, to which he came by the Lethbridge stage, driven by the stage driver Jake, famous for his skill as a driver and for his profanity, he was pinning up a notice of a service to be held on Sunday, the day following, when a young fellow came in, read the notice, and burst into cursing. The superintendent listened quietly till he had finished, then said blandly:

"Is that the best you can do? You ought to hear Jake. You go to Jake. He'll give you points."

The derisive laughter that followed completely quenched the crestfallen young man. In the evening the superintendent came upon him in the street, got into conversation with him, found he was of Presbyterian extraction, that he had been well brought up, but in that wild land had fallen into evil ways.

"Come now," said the superintendent, "own up; you were trying to bluff me this afternoon, weren't you?"

"Well, I guess so," was the shamefaced reply. "But you held over me."

"Now look here," replied the superintendent,

"you get me a good meeting to-morrow afternoon, and we'll call it square."

The young man promised, and the next day's meeting proved him to be as good as his word.

Dr. Robertson was not only a missionary superintendent. He was a citizen and a patriot. He took up the cause of the Indians and secured a reform of the corrupt agencies which were preying upon them. He helped to found the University of Manitoba. He was for years a member of the Board of Education for Manitoba, and he was an ardent advocate of the public schools. He was a great reader on his long journeys. His general knowledge of the Northwest was drawn upon by both the government and the Canadian Pacific Railway. His judgment determined the location of one of the railway's branch lines.

In 1896 he visited Scotland, but he put all his time and strength into speaking in the churches about the needs of Canada and into the solicitation of funds. He came back with nearly $12,000 and support for over forty missionaries. The next year came the great gold rush to the Yukon. Ten thousand men, some said twenty, with the rumseller, the gambler, and all the human birds of prey, had poured into the Klondike before a single missionary went in. Robertson flung himself with characteristic energy into the work of providing the men and

the money to meet this great need. But the strain was too great. He had gone ill to Scotland and he came home ill. Unknown to him a dangerous disease had fastened upon him. He kept going by force of will, but he could not live on his will permanently, and in 1897 the break came and he went back at last to his family from whom he had long been separated by his far journeys. It was the first Christmas in sixteen years that he had spent with them. He was soon better, and the next summer was back at his work again as hard as ever, but he could not stand it long, and in 1900 he and his wife went off together to Scotland and then to the Continent. He seized all opportunities for raising money for the Canadian work, and came back in 1901 with 42 men promised and over $10,000 for the work. He took up his task again with his old energy. He had a fearful fall in November which would have disabled any common man, but not Robertson. He kept every engagement.

"I shall never forget his appearance," writes the Rev. John Neil, "when he came into the vestry before service. He had a bandage over one eye, and his appearance indicated that he had been passing through some trying experiences. He said, 'Dr. Warden insisted upon my not coming this morning, but when I make an engagement I am always deter-

mined, if possible, to carry it out. I hope your congregation will not resent my coming in this form.' "

He succeeded so well in his appeal that he wrote: "I am going to disable the other shoulder and get my other eye blackened."

The end was very near now. The last Sunday of the year 1901 he kept for his home; and from his home, on January 4, 1902, he passed on to the higher service. "I am done out," he said to his wife as he sank to sleep. So he went forward, the "man of heroic mold, but of tenderest heart. Charitable in his judgments of men, generous and sympathetic in his dealings with them, he was himself a living embodiment of that gospel which he preached as the only hope for the individual or the nation."

JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON

How I think of those islands! . . . Hundreds of people are crowding upon them, naked, armed, with uncouth cries and gestures. . . . But they are all my children now. May God enable me to do my duty by them.

—*John Coleridge Patteson*

R. Patterson

X

JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON

SIXTY-FOUR years ago, at the annual dinner given by the cricket eleven to the eight of the boats at Eton, when one of the boys, in accordance with a custom which had arisen, began to sing an objectionable song, another boy called out, "If that does not stop, I shall leave the room!" The singing went on, so the boy who had protested rose and went out with a few other lads as fearless and high-minded as he was. That boy was Coleridge Patteson, and, not content with what he had done, he sent word to the captain that unless an apology was made he should leave the eleven. That would have been no small sacrifice to him, and it would have been a very serious loss to the eleven. Partly for that reason, and partly because the manly feelings of the better boys prevailed, the apology was made and the best cricketer in the school kept his place.

The boy had grown to such power and strength as this in a true Christian home under the influence of the best of mothers and fathers. His father, Sir

John Patteson, was one of the ablest judges in England, and there was the most open and intimate affection between him and his son. In New Zealand, the wife of the Chief Justice wrote: "He used to walk beside my pony and tell me about 'his dear father'—how lovingly his voice used to linger over those words. . . . I remember his bright look the first day it became certain that we must visit England. 'Why, then you will see my dear father and tell him all about me.' "

The boy who had such a father and loved him so was sure not to be unlike him. His mother, as Coley's uncle wrote, was "of the most affectionate, loving disposition, without a grain of selfishness, and of the stoutest adherence to principle and duty. . . . What she felt was right she insisted on, at whatever pain to herself."

Coleridge Patteson was born in London on April 1, 1827. The poet Coleridge was his great-uncle. He was a warmly affectionate but fiery-tempered little boy, troublesome and dogged, but reverent, simple-natured, and, under the loving discipline of home and school, coming slowly into form as a steadfast, self-controlled, unselfish lad of the highest honor and the most unswerving strength of character. He learned to read when he was five, and got his first Bible on his seventh birthday. From the beginning of his boyish purpose he thought he would

be a clergyman. His first school was Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, of which his great-grandfather and great-uncle had both been head masters. Thither he was sent at the age of nine, and at the age of eleven to Eton, where he lived with his uncle, one of the most popular and successful Eton masters. While he was home on a vacation, the Bishop of New Zealand, Bishop Selwyn, who had just been made Bishop, visited his father and preached in a neighboring church. The sermon deeply influenced the little boy, and when the Bishop left he said, half in earnest, half in playfulness, "Lady Patteson, will you give me Coley?" Years after he went with the Bishop, but the mother who would have given him died before he had left Eton. He threw himself into the life of the school, and never loved any place more than he loved Eton. In a great schoolboy welcome to Queen Victoria, then only nineteen, he was nearly run over by her carriage, and was only saved by the young Queen's presence of mind in reaching out and giving him her hand until he regained his feet.

Another time, the Duke of Wellington came and was separated from his company and hustled in the crowd until, as the enthusiastic boy says: "I was the first to perceive him, and springing forward, pushed back the fellows on each side, who did not know whom they were tumbling against, and, taking off

my hat, cheered with might and main. The crowd, hearing the cheer, turned round, and then there was the most glorious sight I ever saw. The whole school encircled the Duke, who stood entirely alone in the middle for a minute or two, and I *rather* think we *did* cheer him. At last, giving about one touch to his hat, he began to move on, saying, 'Get on, boys, get on.' I never saw such enthusiasm here; the masters rushed into the crowd round him, waving their caps and shouting like any of us. As for myself, I was half-mad and roared myself hoarse in about five minutes."

He was not one of the best students in Eton. He had done well, but he was slow in coming to his full powers. Even at Oxford, although a good student, the hidden fire had scarcely burned out into light. "For it was character," wrote one of his friends, "more than special ability which marked him out from others and made him, wherever he was, whether in cricket, in which he excelled, or in graver things, a center round which others gathered. The impression he left on me was of quiet, gentle strength and entire purity, a heart that loved all things true and honest and pure, and that would always be found on the side of these. We did not know, probably he did not know himself, the fire of devotion that lay within him, but that was

soon to kindle and make him what he afterward became."

Coleridge Patteson awoke, intellectually, when he went to Germany to study in 1852. There he discovered and developed his remarkable gift for languages. He spoke German fluently and wrote it correctly, and he studied Hebrew and Arabic and Syriac. His boyish distaste for mental exertion passed away, and the individuality and originality of his mind appeared. When he returned from Dresden to Oxford "he had become quite another person," said Mr. Roundell. "The moral and spiritual power of the man were all alive." The deeper, inner life was coming to maturity. "I believe it to be a good thing," he wrote to his sister, "to break off any work once or twice a day in the middle of any reading, for meditating a little while and for prayer." He was somewhat conscious of himself, as most earnest young men are, and he examined his own feelings, but not more than all devoted men must, and he soon moved out into an active life of unselfish service.

He left Oxford in 1853 to work at Alfington in the parish of Ottery St. Mary. There, among the poor and the rich, for the children of wretched homes and among the people of his own class, he wrought in tireless and simple-hearted love. He opened a Boys' Home for the lads from the profli-

gate families, and he visited and preached as one who would save souls. This same year he was ordained, and the parish opened its heart to him in return for his loving and unresting work. But God meant him for larger things, and the next year Bishop Selwyn came back for the gift he had asked of Lady Patteson thirteen years before. It was no struggle to Coley, except to ask his father to give him up, but Sir John faced it like the true servant of Christ he was. As a Christian judge he weighed the arguments for and against, dwelt on all that his son was to him, and added to the Bishop: "But there, what right have I to stand in his way? How do I know that I may live another year?" And as the conversation ended, "Mind!" he said, "I give him wholly, not with any thought of seeing him again. I will not have him thinking he must come home again to see me."

With his father's blessing, he sailed for New Zealand with the Bishop on March 28, 1855, reaching Auckland on July 5. He was soon talking to the Maoris, as the New Zealand natives are called, in their own language, and entering in his wholesome, complete-hearted way into the work, realizing deeply how much depended on right beginnings for him and for those whom he had come to help. He took his part in the work of the college, where the Bishop had in training young men for teachers and

clergymen. "I clean, of course," he wrote, "my room in part, make my bed, help to clear away things after meals, etc., and am quite accustomed to do without servants for anything but cooking."

But he learned to cook, too. "I hope you are well suited with a housekeeper," he wrote home. "If I were at home I could fearlessly advertise for such a situation. I have passed through the preliminary steps of housemaid and scullery maid, and now, having taken to serving out stores, am quite qualified for the post, especially after my last performance of making bread, and even a cake."

He learned much more than this. He soon became an expert sailor, able to handle the little mission schooner on which, in 1856, he went off on his first long trip with the Bishop to the New Hebrides Islands, visiting Aneityum, where John G. Paton soon came to work, and many other islands. "After nearly seventeen weeks at sea," he wrote, "we returned safely on Sunday morning, the 15th, with thirty-three Melanesians, gathered from nine islands and speaking eight languages. Plenty of work for me; I can teach tolerably in three, and have a smattering of one or two more. . . . We visited sixty-six islands and landed eighty-one times, wading, swimming, etc.; all most friendly and delightful; only two arrows shot at us, and only one went near—so much for *savages*. I wonder what people

ought to call sandalwood traders and slave masters if they call my Melanesians savages."

The plan was to prepare these boys in the college at Auckland and send them back to work among their own people. Year by year he taught them and sent them back, and went to and fro among the islands, often in danger, but never afraid, and ever more and more trusted and loved.

In 1861 Patteson was consecrated Bishop of the Melanesian Islands, Bishop Selwyn having long felt that the work ought to be provided for in this way. His consecration did not stiffen Coleridge Patteson's methods of loving and simple dealing with his people. "As for my life-work," he wrote home, "it will be precisely the same in all respects, my *external* life altered only to the extent of my wearing a broader-brimmed and lower-crowned hat. Dear Joan is investing moneys in cutaway coats, buckles without end, and no doubt knee-breeches and what she calls 'gambroons' (whereof I have no cognizance), none of which will be worn more than (say) four or five times in the year. Gambroons and aprons and lawn sleeves won't go a-voyaging, depend upon it." What he wore for his work he had written in an earlier letter:

"I eschewed shoes and socks, rather liking to be paddling about all day, when not going on shore or otherwise employed, which, of course, made up eight

Christmas Day 1868
Norfolk Island – 6 p.m.

My dearest Sisters –

What a happy happy day!

At 12.5 a.m. I was awoke by a party of some 20 Melanesians headed by Mr Bice singing Christmas Carols at my bedroom door! It is a glass window opening on to the verandah.

How delightful it was! I had gone to bed with the Book of Praise by my side, & Mr Kebles Hymn in my mind; & now the Mota versions already familiar to us – of the "Angels Song" and of the "Light to lighten the Gentiles" sung too by some of our once heathen scholars – took up, as it were, the strain. Their voices sounded so fresh & clear in the still midnight – the perfectly clear sky, the calm moon, the warm genial climate.

I lay awake afterwards thinking on the blessed change wrought in their minds, thinking of my happy happy lot, of how utterly undeserved it was & is, and (as is natural) losing myself in thoughts of Gods wonderful goodness & mercy & love.

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY BISHOP PATTESON FROM MELANESIA

or ten hours of the thirteen hours of daylight. When I went ashore (which I did whenever the boat went), then I put on my shoes, and always swam in them, for the coral would cut my feet to pieces. Usual swimming and wading attire: flannel shirt, dark gray trousers, cap or straw hat, shoes, basket around my neck with fish-hooks, or perhaps an adz or two in my hand. I enjoyed the tropical climate very much—really warm always in the water or out of it. On the reefs, when I waded in *shallow* water, the heat of it was literally unpleasant, more than a tepid bath."

But whatever the dress, the true heart beat beneath, and the hearts of the Melanesians answered to it.

The ten years of his bishopric were spent in ceaseless work for the Melanesian islanders. The New Zealand climate was not good for his boys, many of them dying there, and after considering and rejecting Curtis Island, near Australia, he removed his school to Norfolk Island. He hardly knew how the people on the islands would welcome him after their boys died in his school, but they understood and trusted him. When he went to Mota after one of the epidemics in the school, in which many boys had died, he wrote:

"You should have been with me when, as I jumped on shore at Mota, I took Paraskloi's father

by the hand. That dear lad I baptized as he lay in his shroud in the chapel, when the whole weight of the trial seemed, as it were, by a sudden revelation to manifest itself, and thoroughly overwhelmed and unnerved me. I got through the service with the tears streaming down my cheeks and my voice half choked. He was his father's pride, some seventeen years old. A girl ready chosen for his wife. 'It is all well, Bishop; he died well. I knew you did all you could; it is all well.' He trembled all over, and his face was wet with tears; but he seemed strangely drawn to us, and if he survives this present epidemic his son's death may be to him the means in God's hands of an eternal life. Most touching, is it not, this entire confidence?"

He loved them and they trusted him. It was this love that made him fearless when he landed on their islands, always watchful for treachery, but always bold and fearless, disarming hostility by his very confidence.

Their savagery and uncleanness he strove against, but he saw the real worth and possibility of nobleness in them. "The Melanesians," he said, "laugh as you may at it, are naturally gentlemanly and courteous and well-bred. I never saw a 'gent' in Melanesia, though not a few downright savages. I vastly prefer the savage."

He learned their languages, so that he could

speak to them more clearly and forcefully than they could speak to one another. He spoke a score of languages. He prepared grammars of twenty-five or more. And he gave himself utterly to those he had come to reach. He never returned to England, refusing invitations to do so, partly because he did not want to be lionized, partly because he was at home among his islanders and did not like the artificial society of civilization. He had put in his life with the Melanesians, and he would not take it out.

In 1868, after thirteen years' work, he ordained the first native clergyman, George Sarawia, who had been his pupil for nine years, and he could see throughout the islands some real evidences of changed lives, as well as of changed faith, as the result of his frequent visits and of the work of the boys and girls whom he had trained and sent back to their own people. On the Island of Mota alone, on his last voyage, he baptized 289 persons. But he would not be overconfident. "I feel satisfied of their earnestness," he wrote, "and I *think* it looks like a stable, permanent work. Yet I need not tell you how my old text is ever in my mind, 'Thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged.' "

The work was permanent, but his part in it was nearly done. In 1867 he began to be troubled over the trade in laborers. Ships began to go about among the islands, carrying off men to work on the plan-

tations on the Fiji Islands in Queensland. At first, and in the hands of honest sea-captains, the trade was legitimate. The laborers were honorably employed. But soon it became a matter of kidnapping, and the "snatch-snatch" vessels, as the natives called them, almost depopulated some of the islands. And what was worse, other ships, for the sake of the tortoise-shell traffic, would connive at the quarrels among different tribes and take part in their battles, so that they came to be called the "kill-kill" ships. Sometimes, to gain the confidence of the people before some vicious treachery, they would represent themselves as having come from the Bishop. Patteson did all that he could to stop this wicked business, and realized that it was making great trouble for him. How could he hope to win these people to a Christian life when his own countrymen were murdering and kidnapping all around him and sometimes implicating him in their crimes?

At last the end came, as he feared. He was about among the islands and came to Nukapu, where, on September 20, 1871, he went ashore with two of the chiefs, who had formerly been very friendly to him. One of the ship's boats went in with him, and was floating about, with the native canoes around it, when suddenly, without warning, a man stood up in one of them and calling out, "Have you any like this?" shot off one of the yard-long arrows, and his

companions in the other two canoes began shooting as quickly as possible, calling out as they aimed: "This for New Zealand man! This for Bauro man! This for Mota man!" The boat was pulled back rapidly and was soon out of range, but not before three out of the four had been struck. The crew got back to the ship, but the Bishop did not appear on shore. After waiting, the men manned a boat and went in to look for him. As they drew near the shore two canoes put out toward them and one put the other adrift. In it they found the Bishop's body. He had been killed by a blow on the skull with a club. There were four other wounds, and on his breast was a branch of palm with five knots in the long leaves, indicating that he had been killed in revenge for five natives who had been stolen from Nukapu. A sweet, calm smile was on his face. The shepherd had laid down his life for his sheep.

The next morning, St. Matthew's Day, they buried him in the waters of the Pacific, on which for sixteen years he had made his home. His death called attention to the atrocities of the labor trade, but they went on for years afterward. But Coleridge Patteson's life went on also. It is going on now in every land, calling men to be true and fearless as he was. And it will never die in the South Seas. Such lives never end.

ION KEITH-FALCONER

While vast continents are shrouded in darkness, and hundreds of millions suffer the horrors of heathenism or of Islam, the burden of proof lies upon you to show that the circumstances in which God has placed you were meant by God to keep you out of the foreign mission field.

—Ion Keith-Falconer

Ion Keith-Falconer

XI

ION KEITH-FALCONER

THERE died at the age of thirty-one in a little village in Arabia in 1887, the year after the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions began its work among the colleges of the United States and Canada, a young Scotchman named Ion Keith-Falconer, whose life and death made a profound impression upon the students of that day. Perhaps that was due, in part, to his noble birth and ancestry. It seemed a wonderful thing for a son of an Earl, whose fathers had been among the great men of Scotland for eight hundred years, to go off and die just for love of men in a little Arabian village. But perhaps the students of his time were even more impressed at his going because he was such a great athlete, for he was the fastest bicycle rider in the world. Bicycles then were just coming in, and they were the high bicycles which boys of to-day know little about. Keith-Falconer was big and tall, six feet three inches when he was nineteen, and rode a very high wheel, so high that when, before one race, the step broke,

he had to mount with a chair. And he had one monster wheel seven feet high, which he called "The Leviathan," and on which he made a fearsome figure as he flew over the country roads.

He began his bicycle riding as a boy at Harrow, one of the great English preparatory schools, as we should call them, and when he got to Cambridge he was a skilled rider. He went to Cambridge in 1874 and began to win races at once. The next May he won for Cambridge the race against Oxford, on a fifty-mile course, and in 1876 he won the amateur championship four-mile race at Little Bridge, in what was the fastest time on record. In 1877 he was elected president of the London Bicycle Club, and that year he made new world's amateur records in the two-mile and ten-mile races with Oxford. In 1878 he competed successfully in the two-mile race of the National Cyclists' Union for the title of short-distance champion, and the same year he beat John Keen, the world's professional champion, by five yards in a great five-mile race. He wrote an account of this race to his friend, Isaac Pitman, the inventor of shorthand, who had been urging him to give up smoking:

"As for smoking, I think that the following will gratify you. Early in the year I consented to meet John Keen, the professional champion of the world,

in a five-mile race on our ground at Cambridge, on October 23. But I forgot all about my engagement till I was accidentally reminded of it nine days before it was to come off.

"I immediately began to make my preparations and to train hard. The first thing to be done was to knock off smoking, which I did; next, to rise early in the morning and breathe the fresh air before breakfast, which I did; next, to go to bed not later than ten, which I did; next, to eat wholesome food, and not too much meat or pastry, which I did; and finally, to take plenty of gentle exercise in the open air, which I did.

"What was the result? I met Keen on Wednesday last, the 23d of October, and amid the most deafening applause, or rather yells of delight, this David slew the great Goliath; to speak in plain language, I defeated Keen by about five yards.

"The time was by far the fastest on record.

	Mins.	Secs.
The 1st mile was done in.....	2	59
The 2d mile was done in.....	3	1
The 3d mile was done in.....	3	7
The 4th mile was done in.....	3	12
The 5th mile was done in.....	2	52 2-5
Total time	15	11 2-5

"The last lap, that is, the last circuit, measuring 440 yards, we did in 39 seconds; that is more than 11 yards per second.

"The excitement was something indescribable. Such a neck-and-neck race was never heard of. The pace for the last mile was terrific, as the time shows, and when it was over I felt as fit and comfortable as ever I felt in my life. And even when the race was going on I thought actually that we were going slowly and that the time would be bad, and the reason was I was in such beautiful condition. I did not perspire or 'blow' from beginning to end. The people here are enchanted about it; so that it is gratifying to me to think that, notwithstanding my other work and other business, I can yet beat, with positive comfort and ease, the fastest rider in the world.

"I am bound to say that smoking is bad—bad for the wind and general condition."

The next year he beat John Keen again by three inches in a two-mile race, where he made a new record, and three days later he made a new world's record in a twenty-mile race. He was always in such good physical condition that he went into this race from a four days' hard examination, without any special preparation, and simply ran away from his leading competitor in the last lap. His last great race was for the amateur fifty-mile championship, which he won in 1882, in 2 hours 43 minutes and

58 3-5 seconds, seven minutes better than all previous records. He was a long-distance rider, also, riding 150 miles in one day between dawn and dark —when this was a great feat—from Cambridge to Bournemouth to see his family. And, what was more notable, he was the first man to ride from Land's End to John O'Groat's, that is, from the southwestern corner of England to the northeastern corner of Scotland. And he did it in thirteen days. In his old school at Harrow they hung a big map on the wall, and followed his course by means of postals and telegrams which he sent, marking his victorious course with a little red flag. He was a clean, wholesome student, who loved sport for sport's sake, and who found in his great competitor, John Keen, the world's professional champion, a man after his own soul, who was above prizes, and who delighted, as Keith-Falconer did, in deeds of strength and endurance for their own sake.

Many a man would be satisfied with being the best bicycle rider in the world. But Keith-Falconer was not. There were other things in life besides athletics. One of his other great interests was shorthand. He took it up while he was a schoolboy at Harrow, learning it quite unaided. He made constant use of it until the end of his life. For years he kept up a correspondence with Mr. Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography, and all the letters

written to Mr. Pitman were in shorthand. Mr. Pitman testifies that Keith-Falconer "wrote it swiftly and accurately, and had a thorough knowledge of the minutest part of the system; and that not merely as a stenographer, but as a judge of its values as a part of a harmonious whole." He was the best bicycle rider in the world. He would become one of the best shorthand writers. And such an authority did he become that when he was twenty-eight years of age he wrote the article on "Shorthand" for the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

But Keith-Falconer was not content with supremacy in athletics and shorthand. He would be also one of the best Arabic scholars in the world. He had always been a good student, not of the cut-and-dried kind, studying hard only what was set before him, but choosing for himself and writing out the things that he believed to be permanently worth while. The special studies which he took up at Cambridge were theological and Biblical, and he soon got a solid mastery of Hebrew. When he was twenty he could write his letters in it readily, and he was able to bend the old language and its scanty vocabulary to the needs of every-day English thought. The oldest Greek translation of the Old Testament, the Septuagint, and Syriac he mastered also and was always looking for hard points. To a friend

he wrote, during these Cambridge days, "Send me some Septuagint nuts to crack if I can." From these things he went on to Arabic, going to Leipzig to pursue his studies. Coming back to London in 1881, he met General Gordon, and the two men took at once to each other and Gordon wrote to him the same month:

"I only wish I could put you into something that would give you the work you need, namely, secular and religious work, running side by side. This is the proper work for man and I think you could find it.

"Would you go to Stamboul as extra unpaid attaché to Lord Dufferin? If so, why not try it, or else as private secretary to Petersburg? If you will not, then come to me in Syria to the Hermitage."

But God had an even greater thing for the Scotchman, greater in God's eyes, and Keith-Falconer was seeking it. "Pray constantly for me," he wrote to a friend shortly after receiving General Gordon's letter, "especially that I may have my path in life more clearly marked out for me, or (which is perhaps a better request) that I may be led along the path intended for me."

So he worked on his Arabic, and became in that, as in all things that he gave himself to, a leader and authority. In reviewing a book of Keith-Fal-

coner's, one of the foremost Oriental scholars, Professor Nöldeke, wrote: "We will look forward with hope to meet the young Orientalist, who has so early stepped forward as a master." He was then twenty-nine, and the next year was elected Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic at Cambridge University, to succeed Professor Robertson Smith. Surely he could now be content!

But from his earliest childhood deeper purposes had stirred Keith-Falconer's heart. He had been born a Christian. He had an innate truthfulness, and from his first years was unvaryingly thoughtful of others. If anything was to be shared among the brothers and sisters, he was sure to say, "Give it to others first. I will wait." He was full of his own resources, generous and sincere, with the most earnest and simple Christian faith. When he was seven he had his own clear opinions about things, and went about among the cottagers on his father's place explaining and reading the Bible to them. The tutor who came to guide his work when he was nine wrote:

"During the many walks and rambles that we had together he would often say to me, 'I wish you would talk to me,' which I knew meant to say, Will you speak to me of the Savior and of the incidents in the life of the Lord Jesus? . . . He was a thoroughly conscientious and noble-hearted boy."

When he went to Harrow, at the age of thirteen, he was the same sort of boy. The master, in whose home he resided, wrote of him:

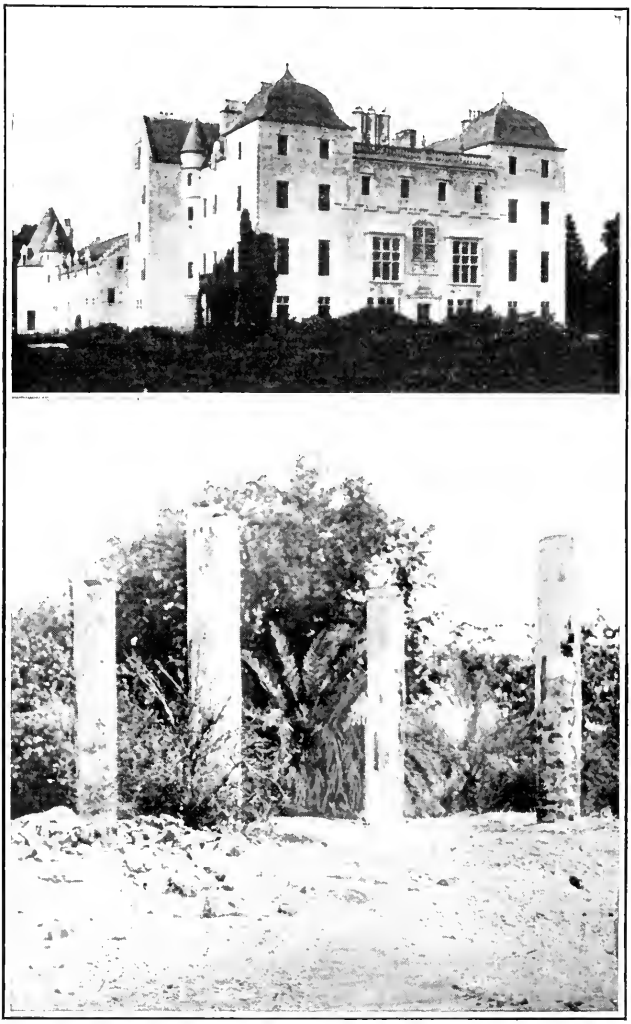
"His boyish life was noticeable from the first for marked individuality and determination. . . . It was refreshing to meet with one who was by no means disposed to swim necessarily with the stream, and who, though in no wise self-engrossed or unsociable, would not flinch for a moment from saying or doing what he believed to be right, at the risk of incurring unpopularity or being charged with eccentricity. He was one of those boys, not too common, who are not afraid to have the courage of their opinions. Always high-principled and religious, he never disguised his views. I remember how, when almost head of my house, he displayed conspicuously on the wall of his room a printed roll of texts from the Bible—an open avowal of his belief, which was far less common and more noticeable at the time I speak of than it would be now. Not that he was anything of a prig or a Pharisee; far from it. He was an earnest, simple-hearted, devout, Christian boy."

He thought things out for himself and took his own line. He stopped, accordingly, whatever practises he thought were not the highest or such as could not be shared with Christ, and for Christ he wanted to work and did work. He stood against all dishonesty and for all cheery, brotherly helpfulness.

He lived nine years at Cambridge with one old landlady, who declared that during all those years "his sole aim seemed to be to benefit all needing help, friends or strangers." He worked for his fellow students in his straightforward, manly way to win them to Christ, and he took the deepest interest in work for the laboring men in Barnwell, a suburb of Cambridge, full of squalor and vice, and then in a unique mission in London at Mile End. In both cases buildings were provided largely through his energy and zeal. He fought drunkenness and vice with the same joy and success with which he did other things, and he laid hold of men who were down with a brotherliness which encouraged them to believe in the reality of the help of Christ. When he was gone, a poor painter whom he had got out of prison wrote:

"He told me if, by reason of the frailty which is in man by his evil heart of unbelief, I should fall into sin, 'Remember sinking Peter'; that One who raised him to the surface of the water can give me strength to get up again."

What more could Keith-Falconer wish for, then? He knew the gladness of unselfishness, and surely could not do more than go forward in the career of usefulness and influence which seemed to lie before him. He had married, in 1884, the daughter of Mr. R. C. L. Bevan, a London banker. He had



KEITH-FALCONER'S HOME IN SCOTLAND
RUINS OF HIS HOME IN ARABIA

made his home in Cambridge, where he had a position as lecturer before his appointment as professor. He had money and friends. Was all this not enough? No, it was not enough. There was something yet more for him to do. The gifts God had given him he had given him not for selfish enjoyment or for partial use, but in order that they might be used to the full. He had never been the sort of boy or man simply to follow in the beaten track. He was ready for the big and courageous thing. What was the biggest and most Christian thing he could do? His knowledge of Arabic, his fearless zeal, his tact and judgment, his resources of many kinds, including the money which enabled him to support the mission himself, marked him as the man for a mission which many felt should be undertaken to the Mohammedans of southern Arabia. The evangelization of the Mohammedans is the hardest task on earth. That was the kind of task Keith-Falconer wanted. He did not believe that an independent mission was the best, so he arranged to have his mission connected with the Free Church of Scotland. That the work might be thoroughly effective he studied medicine, so as to be able to help the doctor who was to be a part of the mission. To plan most wisely, he went out in 1885 on a visit to investigate the field for himself, and the next year returned with his wife to settle and begin the work.

He at once won the respect and friendship of those about him, threw himself with all his characteristic energy into the problem of the mission, set to work learning some more languages and reading books by the dozens between times, came down with fever, but wrote, "Read Bonar's *Life of Judson,* and you will see that our trials are naught," and then, after repeated attacks of fever, was attacked in May by a sickness from which he did not rise up. "How I wish," he said, "that each attack of fever had brought me nearer to Christ—nearer, nearer, nearer." He had his wish, and in the morning of May 10, 1887, he "passed over," as Bunyan says of "Valiant-for-Truth," and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

Some people get enjoyment from nothing but nice and orderly comfort. They do not care for roughing it, either physically or otherwise. Keith-Falconer liked the good rough work of life. The hardship of the mission—and it was probably from the effects of living in a poor house that he died—was nothing to him. He took it all, without thinking about it, as a matter of course. Young men and women shrink from the missionary work because of its trials or its uncertainties. These things were as trivial to him as they are to the soldier. His mind was ever upon the thing to be done, not upon any personal hardships of his own.

And he did not hesitate to appeal to others to ask themselves if they did not have the same duty which he acknowledged for himself toward the great world. This was the way he closed his last address to large gatherings in Edinburgh and Glasgow on the eve of his going forth:

"In conclusion, I wish to make an appeal. There must be some who will read these words, or who, having the cause of Christ at heart, have ample independent means and are not fettered by genuine home ties. Perhaps you are content with giving annual subscriptions and occasional donations and taking a weekly class? Why not give yourselves, money, time and all, to the foreign field? Our own country is bad enough, but comparatively many must, and do, remain to work at home, while very few are in a position to go abroad. Yet how vast is the foreign mission field! 'The field is the world.' Ought you not to consider seriously what your duty is? The heathen are in darkness and we are asleep. Perhaps you try to think that you are meant to remain at home and induce others to go. By subscribing money, sitting on committees, speaking at meetings and praying for missions you will be doing the most you can to spread the gospel abroad. Not so. By going yourself you will produce a tenfold more powerful effect. You can give and pray for missions wherever you are; you can send descriptive

letters to the missionary meetings, which will be more effective than second-hand anecdotes gathered by you from others, and you will help the committees finely by sending them the results of your experience. Then, in addition, you will have added your own personal example and taken your share of the real work. We have a great and imposing war office, but a very small army. You have wealth snugly vested in the funds; you are strong and healthy; you are at liberty to live where you like and occupy yourself as you like. While vast continents are shrouded in almost utter darkness, and hundreds of millions suffer the horrors of heathenism or of Islam, the burden of proof lies upon you to show that the circumstances in which God has placed you were meant by him to keep you out of the foreign mission field."

Of those who read these words, are there none who would like to follow in the train of the athlete and scholar whose body lies in the lonely grave by the Gulf of Aden, even as he followed in the train of the Son of God, going forth to war?

INDEX

INDEX

Adams, Jefferson County, New York, 23
Afghan Moslem soldiers, 48
Africa, 6-16, 44-46, 51-54
Alfington, England, 179
Ambassador for Christ, 135
"Americanized Dutchman," 77
Angola, 52
Arabia, 191, 201, 202
Arabic language, 179, 196-198, 201
Archbishop of Canterbury, 32
Audubon, school of Miss, 64
Austerity unadvisable, 134

Barbados, West Indies, 47
Bareilly, India, 142
Barnwell, England, 200
Barroom preaching, 161, 162
Beard, Bishop Taylor's, 42
Bicycle riding, 191-195
Bombay, 48, 142
Bonar's *Life of Judson*, 202
Boone, Bishop, 123
Bournemouth, England, 195
Bowman, Bishop, 52
Boxers, 105, 106, 107;
  massacre, 108, 109
Boys' boarding-school at Lien-chou, 106
Brazil, 6, 50
British Guiana, 47

California, 40, 41
Cambridge, 200, 201;
  university, 11, 31, 192, 195-198
Canada, 41, 42;
  Alberta incident, 167
Canadian Pacific Railway, 169
Canton, China, 97, 100, 105, 107
Cape Horn, 41
Cape of Good Hope, 6, 7
Capetown, 9
Carey referred to, 31
Chesnut, Eleanor, 89-113;
  birth and early years, 91, 92;
  educational and medical courses, 93-95;
  first medical service at South Framingham, 95;
  further training, 95, 96;
  missionary appointment and journey to China, 96, 97;

opening hospital experiences, 97-105;
return home on furlough, 105;
service again in Lien-chou and martyrdom, 91, 106-109;
unselfish and perfected character, 109-112;
vivid pictures in letters, 95-103, 112, 113
Chicago, 24
Chile, 50
China, 5, 64, 91, 96-112, 118, 122-136
Chinese, All Souls' Day, 107;
curiosity, 128;
hospital for women, 98;
men showing ability, 102;
prescription, 103;
women's sad lives, 99, 100
Chippewa Indians, 24
Chitambo's village, 15
Chonuane, Africa, 8
Christmas in Africa, Livingstone's, 13
Christodora House, New York City, 64, 65
Church and Manse Building Fund, 163
Church Missionary Society, 32
Cincinnati Academy of Design, 142
Civil War, 13, 29;
effect on missionary work, 130
Clinton, New York, 23
Confucius, 127
Congo, Free State, 52;
River, 10
Cooke, school of Miss, 70
Costa Rica, 50
Crabbottom, Virginia, 37
Criticism disarmed, 130
Curtis Island, 183

Damien, Father, 31
Desecration of mission property, 107
Details of school work in India, 148, 150
Devault, Mr., 135
Dwight School, Englewood, 59

Ecuador, 50
Edinburgh, 11
Egypt, 31
Encyclopædia Britannica, 196
Englewood, New Jersey, 57
Eton boys, 175
Europe, 31, 131, 170

Faribault, Minnesota, 24, 25
Fenian raid, 158
Fiji Islands, 186
Finney, C. G., 23
Fire-water, 27, 28
Foreign Mission Board, Richmond, Virginia, 122
Foreign missions and mission workers, 1-17, 44-54, 73-152, 173-204

Fort McLeod stage-driver, 168
Fort Ripley, 29
Foster, Bishop, 52
Free Church of Scotland, 201

Gallen, Father, 67
Garibaldi, 45
Georgetown, Demarara, 47
Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, 13
Girls' schools at Cawnpur and Lucknow, 143
Glasgow University, 11
God, consecration to, 38
Gordon, General, 197
Grand Canal, China, 132, 133
Green Bay, Wisconsin, 76
Greenfield, Massachusetts, 64
Griffis, Dr., 82
Gulf of Aden, 204
Gutzlaff, influence of appeal on Livingstone, 5

Ham-kuang, China, 106
Harrison, ex-President, 151
Harrow school, England, 192, 199
Hartzell, Bishop J. C., 53
Hawaiian Islands, 32
Hindus, reached by William Taylor, 48
Hints to candidates, 134
Hizen, Baron, 79
Hogg, David, advice of, 5
Holiness, Bishop Taylor's book on, 43
Holmes, Dr. Oliver Wendell, 96
Home missions and mission workers, 19-42, 55-71, 147, 153-171
Hongkong, China, 96
Hudson Bay Company, 160
Humboldt, Manitoba, 164
Hu-nan, China, 97;
  conditions in, 99, 105

India, 48, 49, 139-151
Indians, American, 21-28;
  championed by Bishop Whipple, 27;
  councils and treaties with, 22;
  fire-water, 27, 28;
  need of a friend, 22;
  outbreaks among, 26;
  Red Cloud's toast, 22;
  wrongs inflicted on, 27
Indian Peace Commission, 27
Inhambane, Africa, 54
Iwakura, embassy, 83;
  Prince, 81

Jackson, Alice, 55-71;
  Christian experience, 62;
  concentration, 59;
  death, 70;
  influence over others, 60, 67-70;
  missionary longings, 63;
  prayer or song for children, 66;

school work, 64;
settlement work, 65, 66;
Y. W. C. A. work in New York, 69
Jamaica, 47
Japanese, embassy, 81, 83, 84; students for America, 81
Judson, memoirs of Mrs., 122

Kaffir work, Taylor's, 44, 54
Kang-hau, China, 106
Keen, John, 192, 194, 195
Keith-Falconer, Ion, 189-204;
athlete and scholar, 191, 196, 204;
bicycle record, 191-195;
high social station, 191;
immense application in studies, 195-197;
marriage, 200;
Mohammedan mission and death, 201, 202;
plea for missionary consecration, 203, 204
Kildonan, Manitoba, 160
King, of Belgium, 52; of Portugal, 52
Klondike, 169
Knox Church, Winnipeg, 159
Kolobeng, Africa, 8, 9
Kuang-tung, China, 97
Kuruman, Africa, 7, 8

Lake 'Ngami, 8
Lambeth Conference, 31
Lam-mo, China, 97
Land's End to John o' Groat's, 195
Letter of Chinese students, 110
Liberia, 52
Lien-chou, China, 97, 100; martyrs at, 91, 108-110; men's hospital at, 105, 107; official in, 102; women's hospital, 98
Lien-shan official, 102
Life of Robert and Mary Moffat, 146
Lilavati Singh, 150, 151, 152
Lingle, Mr., 103
Linyanti, Africa, 9, 10
Lions, adventures with, 7, 8
Little Bridge race, 192
Liverpool, 42
Livingstone, David, 1-17, 31; birth, 3; boyhood, 4; early studies, 4-6; interest in China and Africa, 5; main African journeys, 6-15; return trips to and honors in Great Britain, 11-13; Stanley's relief and tribute, 14; unparalleled service, death, and burial in Westminster Abbey, 3, 13-17
Livingstone, Mrs., 8, 12, 146; Robert, 13

Loanda, see *St. Paul de Loanda*
"Locomotive habit," 41
Log-rolling, 38
London, 11
London Bicycle Club, 192
London Missionary Society, 7
Lucknow, 48, 141, 143
Ludlow, Massachusetts, factory conditions, 68

Mabotsa, Africa, 8
McAfee, Dr., 93
Machle, Amy, 108;
  Dr., 101, 107, 108;
  Mrs., 108
Manitoba, 169
Melanesians, 181-187
Melbourne, Australia, 43
Memorial tablet in New York Presbyterian Building, 91
Methodist Episcopal Church and William Taylor's father, 37
Mikado, the, 81
Mile End, London, 200
Mission schooner, 181
Moffat, Robert and Mary, 6, 8, 146, 147
Moffitt, Dr., 44
Mohammedans, mission efforts for, 48, 201, 204
Moravian Institute, 76
Moravians, 31
Morrison, Robert, 31
Mota, Island of, 183, 185
Mount Pisgah Church camp-meeting, 119
Murata, Japanese official, 79; much impressed by Christian book found, 80

Nagasaki, 78-81
National Cyclists' Union, 192
Neesima, Joseph Hardy, 83
Neil, the Rev. John, quoted, 170
New Hebrides Islands, 181
New York Herald, 14
New York School of Pedagogy, 64
New Zealand, 176-178, 180, 181
Nicaragua, 50
Nöldeke, Professor, 198
Norfolk Island, 183
North Carolina's first foreign missionary, 122
Northwest, home mission work for the, 161
Norwich, Ontario, 158
Notice-boards in Japan, 79, 84
Nukapu, Patteson's death at, 186

Oberlin College, 23
Oceanic, the, 96, 97
Opossum story, 47
Optimism, Bishop Whipple's, 32
Order of the Rising Sun, 84

Ottery St. Mary school, England, 177, 179
Ox-back and ox-wagon travel, 7
Oxford University, 11, 179, 192

Palo Alto, California, 54
Panama, 50
Park College, Parkville, Missouri, 93, 94
Parsees, 48
Paton, John G., 181
Patterson, Miss, 108
Patteson, John Coleridge, 173-187;
  birth and family ties, 176;
  boyhood experiences, 175-178;
  education in Germany and at Oxford, 179;
  entrance on parish and mission work, 179-181;
  Episcopal dress and duties, 182-184;
  languages acquired, 179, 181, 185;
  life in the South Pacific, 180-182;
  school epidemic, 183, 184;
  service to the Melanesians and death, 184-187
Patteson, Sir John, and Lady, 175-177, 180
Paul's good fight, 21
Peabody, Kansas, Presbyterian Church, 143, 144
Peale, Mr. and Mrs., 91, 107, 108
Perry, Commodore, 77
Peru, 50
Peterboro, Canada, 42
Pitman, Isaac, 192, 195
Prayer-meeting by boys, 129
Prayer or song for little children, 66
Preaching, tact and skill in, 127;
  two kinds of, 26;
  William Taylor's, 45
Presidents known by Bishop Whipple, 32
Princeton Theological Seminary, 158
Protestant Episcopal General Convention, 25
Punch, London, quoted, 16, 17
Purefoy, Father, 118

Queen Victoria, 11, 31, 177
Queensland, 186
Quilimane, Africa, 11

Railroad to Winnipeg, 163
Red Holes, log-rolling at, 38
Reed, Brother, helps missions, 46
Regina student, a, 165
Richards, E. H., referred to, 54
Ridpath, quoted, 41, 42

Riel's rebellion, 159
Robertson, James, 153-171;
birthplace, 155;
characteristics, 155, 157;
emigration of family to Ontario, 156;
experiences as a teacher and in college, 157, 158;
further studies in Princeton and New York, 158;
Manitoba and the Northwest, 161;
marriage and pastorates, 157-160;
superintendent of home missions in the Northwest, 161-170;
visits to Scotland and death, 169-171
Rohilkhand, India, 139, 142
Rome, New York, 24
Rossland, British Columbia, 167
Royal Geographical Society, 13

St. Paul de Loanda, 10, 52
Sam-kong, China mission station, 97, 98;
daily life in, 97;
difficulties, 98, 99
San Francisco, 41, 47, 96
Seaver, Brother, describes William Taylor, 37
Selwyn, Bishop, 177, 180;
his successor, 182
Senate, Japan's, 84
"Septuagint nuts to crack," 197
Shanghai, China, 118, 126, 129;
missionary conference in, 131
Shattuck School, Faribault, Minnesota, 24
Shire River, 12
Shorthand, 195
Shupanga, Africa, Mrs. Livingstone's death at, 12
Siam, 95
Sioux Indians, 22, 24;
treaties with, 22
Slave-trade, 9, 14
Smallpox patient, Miss Thoburn's, 141
Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts, 57, 67
Smith, Robertson, 198
Smoking, 193
Snakes, lesson from the, 119
South Africa, 6, 8, 44-46, 54
South America, 50
South China, 96
South Zambezi Mission, 54
Southern Baptist Convention, 118
Stanley, Henry M., 14
Stony Mountain blizzard, 60
"Stopping-places," discomforts of, 163, 166
Story of My Life, William Taylor's, 46

Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, 191
Styal, Cheshire, England, 57
Susi, Livingstone's attendant, 15
Swain, Miss Clara A., 142
Swearing stage-drivers, 29, 168
Sydney, Australia, 43
Syriac language, 179, 196

T'ai-p'ing rebellion, 129
Tasmania, 48
Taylor, William, 35-54, 143;
ancestry and birth, 37;
consecration and zeal in reaching men, 38;
downs a playful class-leader, 39, 40;
experiences as a missionary in California, 40, 41;
finds open doors in Canada and Great Britain, 42;
first and second tours in Australia and South Africa, 42-48, 53, 54;
Holy Land visited, 42;
India campaign, 48-50;
"locomotive habit," 41;
Missionary Bishop of Africa, 51-53;
South American work, 50;
West Indies, 47;
work completed and coronation, 54
Thoburn, Isabella, 139-152;
ancestry and early life, 140, 141;
education, 141, 142;
immediate response to missionary call, 139, 142;
Lucknow and Cawnpur schools for girls founded, 142, 143;
Presbyterian church and other addresses, 144-147;
promotion of deaconess work in home field, 147, 148;
school at Lucknow developed into woman's college, 145, 148-150;
wonderful executive power and influence, 148-152;
work suddenly finished, 151
Thoburn, Bishop, quoted, 144, 145
Thwing, Mr. and Mrs., 98
Tokyo, Japan, 75, 81, 84-86
Trade in laborers in Melanesia, 186;
a result, 187
Training School for Nurses, Chicago, 95
Travel in Africa, 7-10;
in Canada in 1873, 159
Trinidad, 47
Tunbridge Wells, England, incident, 46
Tung-chou, China, 135

Ujiji, Africa, 14

Union Theological Seminary, 158
United States and United States government, 22, 76, 77, 85, 130, 133, 135
University of Manitoba, 169
Utrecht Polytechnic Institute, 76

Verbeck, Guido Fridolin, 73-87;
  birth and happy childhood, 75, 76;
  confirmed and trained in languages and trade, 76;
  emigration to United States, 76, 77;
  gives himself to missionary service, 77;
  goes to Japan, 78;
  has remarkable success in training national leaders and translating books, 79-84;
  later preaching and teaching work, 84, 85;
  made a citizen of Japan and highly honored at his death, 85-87
Victoria Falls, Africa, 11

Wake Forest, North Carolina, 120, 122
Waterloo, Iowa, 91, 92
Waugh, Bishop, 40
Weed, Thurlow, 23
Welfare Work, 68
Wellesley, Massachusetts, 70
Wellington, Duke of, at Eton, 177
West Indies, 47
Westminster Abbey, 3, 16, 31
Wheeling Female Seminary, West Virginia, 141, 142
Whipple, Henry Benjamin, 19-33;
  a good fighter for the right, 21-23;
  birth and education, 23;
  early ministerial work, 23, 24;
  enters upon duties as Bishop of Minnesota, 24;
  immediate and heroic devotion to the Indians, 24-28, 31, 32;
  love for him of the Faribault community, 24, 25;
  methods of helping and winning men, 25-31;
  new idea converts a stage-driver, 28-30;
  optimistic spirit, 32;
  receives many honors in England, 31, 32;
  reminiscences published and close of life, 28, 32, 33
Wife, a missionary's, 123
Wilkins, Captain, on Bishop Whipple, 27
Windsor Castle, 31
Winnebago Indians, 24

Winnipeg journeys, 159
Woman's Foreign Missionary Society's first missionaries, 142
Woman's Medical College, Chicago, 95
Woman's Reformatory, South Framingham, Massachusetts, 95
Woodstock, Ontario, 156
Work of a bishop, 25, 26

Yang-tzŭ, River, 132, 133; Valley, 99
Yates, Matthew Tyson, 115-136;
a providential call to service, 117, 118;
birth and early prayer life, 118-121;
efforts for an education, 120, 121;
foreign missionary decision, 122;
marriage and voyage to Shanghai, 122, 123;
mastery of the conditions and the language, 123-127;
meeting interruptions skilfully, 127, 128;
pressing out into the country, 128, 129;
return home on furlough, and later visit to Europe, 129-131;
rules for an aggressive native Church, 131, 132;
survey of a line of missionary attack, 132, 133;
vice-consul-general, closing labors, and death, 133-136
Yukon River, 169

Zambezi River, 8, 12
Zanzibar, 16
Zeist, Holland, 75

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